Around the Emerald Isle

William Charles O'Donnell, Jr. Ph.D.

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A RECORD OF IMPRESSIONS

By

William Charles O'Donnell, Jr., Ph.D.

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DEDICATION.

To the Best Beloved and to the Fortunate Little Man who has inherited many of her virtues.

A HINT.

Impressions do not always coincide with expert opinions and studied conclusions. They may be considered as treasures of the heart rather than as triumphs of the mind. The little journey of which this book is a partial record was undertaken as a vacation experience, and in the hope that some pleasurable and more or less profitable impressions might be received. The result is herein described. Twenty-three of the thirty-two counties of Ireland were visited, characteristic features of different sections observed, and important historical episodes recalled. The story of Ireland is so pathetic, the position of Ireland so unique, and the Emerald Isle is so much in the thought of the world today that even the unscientific comments of an American traveller with a liberal percentage of Irish blood in his veins may be of interest to the reader—should there be one.

The Author.

March 25, 1910.

CONTENTS.

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A Record of Impressions

I. WHY?

"For we will make for Ireland presently."
Richard II., Act I, Scene IV.

WHY MAKE FOR IRELAND?

King Richard made for Ireland to Ireland's sorrow. After the fashion of kings, he went for plunder, "to farm his royal realm." Purpled robbers might thus replenish their coffers, but they could not rob the hills of their strength, the lakes of their laughter, the rivers of their peace, the bays of their tides, nor the glens of their fairy shades.

More than five hundred years have passed since Richard the Second landed at Waterford, and Erin is still flashing her crystal glory in the Atlantic wave. The heavens bend lovingly over the "Noble Isle," the laurel and the holly lift their shimmering enamel to the golden light. The fushia nods from the hedge-row,

the rhododendron and the arbutus hold tryst in quiet retreats, the ivy mantles ancient walls and entwines the aged oaks, and the purple heather crowns historic hills. Such is Ireland, an Emerald Isle in very fact, where nature's thousand tongues conspire in holy psalmody. Erin is like a weeping maiden whose tears have not despoiled her beauty, radiant even in distress.

The "make for Ireland" habit did not begin with Plantaganet kings. By no means. Far, far back, before David was king in Israel or Samuel had founded the School of the Prophets, or possibly before Moses from Nebo "viewed the landscape o'er," the Sons of Milid sought here a home. To them it was the Isle of Destiny, Innisfail, the land of promise. The poet Moore portrays the approach in musical lines:—

"And lo where afar o'er ocean shines
A sparkle of radiant green,
As though in that deep lay emerald mines
Whose light through the wave was seen;
' 'Tis Innisfail—'tis Innisfail!'
Rings o'er the echoing sea;
While bending to heav'n the warriors hail
The home of the brave and free."

Landing in Kenmare Bay they conquered the tribes opposing them, built forts and towns, inaugurated a military and judicial system. advanced somewhat in arts and literature, established a civilization unapproached in Western Europe and became the progenitors of a wonderful race. What soldiers, what scholars, what orators, what poets, what musicians, what tradesmen, what missionaries those Irishmen have been!

Other invasions antedate that of the Milesians. Eire was a princess of one of these more ancient tribes, and by some inscrutable law of persistence, her name continues to be the name of the country. (E)ireland it will be through the centuries to come.

"Spring and Autumn in Ireland" is the title of a charming little volume written by Alfred Austin, wherein he tells us that he visited the country "in search of natural beauty and human kindness. Nowhere have I found more of either." In yielding to the lure of the land of Ossian, the Laureate found refreshment for his spirit in a paradise of enchantment, and chronicled his impressions with a free yet sympathetic pen. So it has always been, for to the poet's eye Ireland is itself a poem.

Ireland, too, has poured its life into the life of the world as no other country has ever done.

John Wesley was vehemently criticized in London for spending so much time in Ireland. "Have patience," said he, "have patience, Ireland will repay you." He crossed the channel annually for forty years, delivered the new evangel, conducted his conferences, saw Methodism firmly rooted and never doubted the full fruition of his hopes. Wesley evidently understood Ireland better than any Englishman of the century. The last his Dublin friends saw of him was when a few months before his death he stood upon the ship's deck and lifted holy hands above them in benediction and farewell. It was a most solemn and pathetic scene. The aged leader with snow-white hair and bowed form was looking upon the tear-streaked faces of those who were to him what the converts at Thessalonica were to Paul, his "glory and his joy." He was to see them no more upon the earth. His work in Ireland was done. He was leaving them in tears, yet in triumph. Ireland had already repaid Methodism, and had given Adam Clark to the world, and Phillip Embury and Robert Strawbridge to America, here to

lay firm and true the foundations upon which American Methodists have been building from that day to this. The pioneer became the preacher. To such men our country owes a debt of lasting gratitude. Their influence is everywhere evident. To the operation of such subtle forces can be attributed the ever growing vigor of the Republic, so that today we can applaud with consistent patriotism the sentiment expressed by the lamented Frederick Lawrence Knowles:—

"Why linger o'er decrepit shrine
In Hellas or in Palestine?
America as Greece is grand,
America is Holy Land."

To make for Ireland, then, is to follow in the train of a noble army of potentates, propagandists and poets. A humble mortal may be allowed to fondle whatever sense of satisfaction may arise from that consideration; he is not compelled to depend upon it, however, for his enjoyment and edification.

Ireland's greatest length from point to point is but a little more than three hundred miles, its breadth about one hundred and eighty miles. Within its area of less than thirty-three thousand square miles are curiosi-

ties and charms more manifold than any equal area in the world can furnish. There, on "John Bull's Other Island" are to be found attractions incomparable, and problems innumerable—topographical and scenic, archaeological, sociological, industrial, political, religious. In that little country, smaller than the State of Maine, are to be found the largest lake, the greatest river, and, with one exception, the loftiest mountain in the Kingdom. Irish products are famed the world over—the marble of Connemarra, the china of Belleek, the crochet of Cork, the lace and bacon of Limerick, the linen of Belfast, the poplins and tweeds of Dublin and other centers. There are the ship yards, the tobacco factories, and the breweries among the largest in all the world. There are great cathedrals, great universities, great libraries, and great museums. There are great mansions in delightful demesnes. There are picturesque ruins of castles, monasteries, abbeys, towers and walls, In old cairns, cromlechs, mounds and monuments are to be recognized traces of a prehistoric age, ever exciting new wonder as they are the more thoroughly explored. The whole Island is fringed with a panoramic

succession of rugged headlands and rounded hills, bewitching bays, estuaries and glens, while fertile fields offer up their incense of rich increase to the Most High.

More interesting than Ireland is the Irishman himself. He is not to be imagined a despairing pauper, nor, on the other hand, a flippant purveyor of haphazard humor. He may be poor, and sometimes witty, but at heart the real Irishman is a philosopher and a patriot. Humor is the soul of his philosophy, hope the life of his patriotism. In some sections, filth, wretchedness, disease and poverty are still alarmingly in evidence, but the pig-in-the-parlor, the shillalah, and the inverted pipe are not conspicuous features in modern life. Old types remain, but a new order prevails. There is much to learn and to unlearn, much to see and to enjoy, to admire and to deplore in a tour around the Emerald Isle.

II. EVENING AT QUEENSTOWN.

The joy of getting aboard is infinitesimal compared to the joy of getting ashore.

The delightful day had come. As if by some trick of enchantment the spectral outlines of land emerged from the mist on the distant horizon. The approach to Daunt's Rock was like the gliding of a phantom ship through an opalescent sea, a poem in color and motion. Around and above us circled the sea gulls with their snowy breasts, and gray wings tipped with velvety black, so numerous that their shadows chased each other across the ship's deck. The water, a shimmering green, rolled in billowy foam from the cutting prow, and, shading off in the distance to a transparent purple, seemed to merge into the filmy haze that hung on Old Erin's rugged shore. Tennysonian Sea Fairies waved their harps and sung:—

"And the rainbow lives in the curve of the sand;
Hither, come hither, and see;
And the rainbow hangs on the poising wave
And sweet is the color of cove and cave,
And sweet shall your welcome be:"

Cork Harbor was entered in style on the Company's tender. The channel is grimly guarded by forts Carlisle and Camden. The fairies had promised me a sweet welcome, and I did not fancy those frowning old sentinels with the furies of a thousand thunders lurking beneath their shaggy brows. I was for peace. Bold battlements seemed incongruous amid the prevailing serenity of that beautiful summer evening. Possibly their sullenness was but fortressed dignity, for they are the protectors of what many believe to be the "most beautiful harbor in the world." That primacy may be contested by a few score other harbors likewise renowned, but no invidious comparisons need be drawn here. No two stars are alike in size and color, yet who can determine which star is the most glorious through the illimitable spaces of God? When loveliness entrances the vision, for the time being that loveliness is supreme. There were the hospitable shores, the receding hills, the swinging waters, the gem-like islands, the bounding boats and stately ships, and yonder on Great Island, built into the hillside, its streets rising in tiers and in the center its rich Gothic Cathedral, one hundred and fifty feet

above the shore line, was the crescent city, Queenstown.

In my ignorance I had expected to find at Queenstown something of the bang and bustle, the confusion and the grime of a modern seaport metropolis. Instead I found an almost ideal watering place, equable and sedative in climate, picturesque in location, graceful in pose, restful in spirit, healthful, contented, clean, somewhat quaint, and quite diminutive, with a population hardly numbering ten thousand.

On the third day of August 1849, the young and beloved Victoria first set foot on Irish territory, landing on the Quay amid the crashing music of military bands and the joyous booming of guns. Very fittingly the name of the city was thereupon changed from Cove to Queenstown. No big guns thundered to the world the news of my arrival, the importance of the event not being fully recognized in official circles and not having made the proper impression upon the public mind,—so I took my place all unheralded and insignificant in the motley throng that paraded the promenade. It was an interesting spectacle a medley of merchants, peddlers, boatmen,

fishermen, soldiers, sailors, sportsmen, loungers and tourists from all parts of the world.

Later I wended my way up to the Cathedral named in honor of St. Colman. I have seen more magnificent cathedrals, but none, I think, more exquisitely harmonizing with and yet glorifying its environment. Its position commands a sweeping view of the city and harbor. The shades of night were gathering rapidly and lights were glimmering from shore and ship, even as the heavens were sown with stars. The Admiral from his official residence was flashing signals to his flagship below. Yonder stretched the expanse of the great harbor in which there is plenty of room for the entire navy of Great Britain. Before me lay the tide-kissed islands, and the sinuous river bearing love tokens from the sea to the distant cities. The gauzy clouds seemed to be brooding in holy meditation above the silent waters. Evening's subtle charm enthralls the imagination and with tender touch weaves over the troubled heart of man the silver gossamer of peace. Mrs. Embury wrote wisely:—

"Go forth at eventide;
Commune with thine own bosom, and be still;
Check the wild impulses of wayward will,
And learn the nothingness of human pride."

Even while I stood and gazed, absorbed in the fascinations of the wondrous scene, the red rim of the moon appeared on the horizon and soon the full orb emerged with the stately steppings of a queen approaching her zenith throne. The soft light transmuted all that it touched and I saw a vision wrought in ivory, silver and gold, a section in miniature, it seemed, of that enduring country where there is no need of sun or moon and where the waters like a crystal sea flow by the throne of God forever and forever. Such is memory's picture of Ireland's Queen City.

III. YOUGHAL, AND THE BLACKWATER.

Consider the jaunting car. In ratio of jolts to distance it is about midway between the trolley and the camel. It is a rattling two wheeler like the caleche of Quebec, with the difference that the car will not allow one to face the music or whatever might lie in the line of motion. Going forward sidewise, and back to back with the other fellow, is hardly in accord with the American plan of progress. The "jarvey," as the driver is called, is supposed to be a laughing, loquacious, learned lad, (alliteration unavoidable) dispensing a perennial mixture of humor and information for the delectation and illumination of benighted pilgrims. He is. He does. That is if you happen to fall in with that particular jarvey. Some members of the profession to whom I have paid my shillings hardly measure up to the reputation.

My acquaintanceship with the jaunting car began at Youghal, an ancient coast town about twenty-six miles from Cork. My companion was a young architect from Cork off for a holiday, and together we bargained with

the driver at the station to take us to the famous old Collegiate Church of St. Mary's. Like the fabled steeds of Eumelas, swift as birds, that Irish critter, though no classical beast, seemed to have wings. Away we flew along the Strand, past the lodging houses and pretty homes that face the chafing sea, past the lighthouse, snow-white, one of the thirty odd that stud Ireland's ragged coast, on through the main street a mile long, then through a series of narrower streets and up the hill to the ancient churchyard gate. I alighted somewhat shaken but in herioc mood. A dash across the Madison Square Garden arena on a broncho of the Colonel Cody bucking type could hardly be more exciting, and I felt that I deserved the applause of the audience for having mastered the jouncing machine in its wildest plunges. My fingers ached, the logical effect of the desperate grip I had maintained on the back of the seat. Sore in muscle and stiff in joint it was some minutes before I could walk naturally. Of course all this was absolutely unnecessary and may seem a trifle exaggerated, but the sensations of a new experience are usually recalled with some animation.

St. Mary's at Youghal enfolds the history

of many centuries. It preserves the names of the honored of long generations. The makers of history are surpassingly more impressive than places and events. The place and the event proclaim the measure of the man. So Grant is taller than Vicksburg, Wellington broader than Waterloo, Napoleon outmeasured Austerlitz, and Michael Angelo is ever grander than St. Peter's.

They speak at Youghal of Richard Bennett, who built the church on the site of an older one in the 13th century; of Gerald, Earl of Desmond, whose soldiers desecrated it in the 16th century; of the Earl of Cork, who restored it in the 17th century, not forgetting to honor himself with a wonderful monument adorned with effigies of his wives and his numerous progeny. This was the Great Earl, I suppose, whose fourteenth child was Robert Boyle, the renowned scientist, the sturdy defender of the Faith, and the founder of Boyle's Lectures. Oliver Cromwell, as pious a murderer as ever let human blood, once stood by an open grave in the chapel and preached to his men the consolations of the Gospel of the Prince of Peace. Yes, the history makers *are* impressive.

Just behind the church runs the old city wall and just beyond the wall is Maple Grove, where Sir Walter Raleigh lived and smoked, and entertained distinguished guests, and where he planted Ireland's first potato. Sir Potato's descendants now monopolize 590,000 acres of Irish soil. The versatile Sir Walter came to a sad end, but surely his works do follow him. If tobacco growing had not been prohibited in Ireland it would undoubtedly have assumed large proportions. The American Colonies reaped the benefit of that embargo, raised tobacco, grew prosperous and became independent. Ireland remained subservient and poor. Yet more than one-half the soldiers under Washington were Irishmen! Hence the occasion for Lord Mountjoy's famous declaration to the British Parliament, "You lost America by the Irish." Here is one of the fine ironies of history,—one of those marvelous might-have-beens that reverse the verdict of time. Fancy the noble Raleigh—ruffles, doublet, hose, buckles, pipe and all—under the yews of Maple Grove; Edmund Spenser at work on the "Faerie Queen," near by, further enhances the charm

of the tableau. It was even so in the opulent age of Elizabeth.

Youghal occupies a position of picturesque interest and advantage upon the slope of a hill, around which a beautiful river swings into the sea. The Blackwater is known as "The Rhine of Ireland." To Cappoquin is a ride of about eighteen miles between sylvan shores and embowered hills, where Ireland's green is greenest and where ivy-grown castle walls and ruined abbeys throw their distorted shadows upon the passing stream. The heavens were black above us on that July afternoon when we steamed up the river and the rain fell heavily at intervals, somewhat to our discomfort. The wild goose and the slender heron, feeding in the rushes, started up in alarm at the approach of the boat and flew to more sheltered haunts. Here and there among the hills I could see little huts, whitewashed and thatched, where peasants dwell and dream of a nationality, the meaning of which they can little comprehend. I could not but admire the castles and summer homes of the more fortunate, for Ireland the land of squalor is also the land of splendor. While poor tenants huddle in their hovels, great lords and

wealthy merchants luxuriate in their palaces. There are a number of elegant residences along the Blackwater. It is a region of healthful charm. Rivers are life bringers. God was very good to Ireland when He gashed the hills and made a channel for the coursing flood of that beautiful stream.

Little Cappoquin nestles among the trees on an emerald slope at the bend of the river from a westerly to a southerly course. Like Zion, it is beautiful for situation, and if not the joy of the whole earth is at least a joy to those who are privileged to behold its quaint charms. The climax of the day was the jaunting car ride through the long single street of the town and out over the hills to the Trappist Monastery at Mount Melleray, about five miles distant from Cappoquin. There was some stirring of the deeps of sentiment by what I saw and learned at Melleray. There was a subtle something about the place and its traditions that quickened the imagination and penetrated the emotions. I had heard a pretty story en route to the effect that the monks had leased the vast tract of land, nearly six hundred acres in extent, for a period of time that was not to terminate until *tomorrow*. Daniel

O'Connell was credited with having drawn the deed. It seemed legally dubious but it was a good story. I thought I saw a splendid moral in it. I tucked it away in an attic brain cell for use at some opportune occasion. My informant was no less distinguished a gentleman than the jarvey. He had tons, or I should say miles of knowledge to impart. He knew everything and everybody in the County. I knew nothing and nobody, therefore he was invaluable. I sat at his back and learned of him, literally and laterally. The grades made no more difference to us than they would if we had been in an air ship. With this delightful unconcern as to the ups and downs of life we sped on, my education keeping the pace.

The Trappists are among the most austere of the Roman Catholic orders. They were established in France in the 12th Century, afterwards fell away from the rigors imposed by the founders and were reformed by Rancé in the 17th Century. They now have monasteries in several European countries and in America. Mount Melleray, I believe, is one of the largest. Sir Richard Keane bestowed the land in a district then desolate and barren. Today it is ambrosial. The hills "stand

dressed in living green,'' the fields and gardens render rich reward for the labor bestowed upon them. The secret of the transformation is the open secret of toil. The Brothers are workers. They arise at 2 a. m. and go to bed at 8 p. m. They eat two meals a day. They are vegetarians, and water is their only drink. They pray a great deal, they talk only when necessary. They read only religious books—no newspapers, no magazines, no novels. Curious. They sleep in little cubicles, on hard mattresses, and the ''dying bed'' consists of a few wisps of straw. This is unworldliness—self abnegation to the verge of self slaughter. Yet how much better the state of the monk lost to the world, than that of the worldling lost to God!

We were met at the door of the quadrangular building by a Brother in brown. The Fathers wear white. He escorted us most affably, showing the chapel, refectories, dormitories, library, etc., with evident pleasure. He had been in the monastery twenty-three years. He told us of a Brother who had a record of more than sixty years. Think of three score years without a newspaper! I made bold after a while to ask our guide about that *tomor-*

row story. He smiled a real worldly smile. That is, a smile of contempt imperfectly concealed, a smile of indulgent forbearance calculated to make the recipient feel very small indeed. No, there was no truth in the report whatsoever; it was the climax of credulity to put faith in such a yarn; only the most ignorant would believe it; to repeat it was only to advertise one's folly. His smile said all that and more. It was true that O'Connell had spent some days in retirement at the monastery and had examined some of the legal papers. That was all.

IV. THE CITY OF THE SHANDON BELLS.

Life's antitheses illustrate life's meaning. We turn from isolated Melleray to crowded Cork—from monastery to metropolis. What is a city? A network of avenues, a surging of masses, a babel of voices, a tumult of traffic, a tyranny of trade, a commingling of classes and nations. Busy shops and spacious stores, factories, warehouses, palatial residences and lowly homes, municipal buildings, colleges, hospitals, libraries, museums, monuments, parks, promenades, bridges, depots, quays, churches, cathedrals, domes, towers, steeples, boulevards, slums, rattling wheels, groaning engines, smoking chimneys, odors rare and odors common—such is a city, a medley of miracles and a miracle of medleys. And such is Cork, its history brimming with tragedy and romance, its location fortunate, its surroundings picturesque, its manufactories famous, its trade flourishing. Corcaig, meaning marsh, was the name originally, but, lo, a marsh transformed into a municipality.

Good St. Fin Barre established a monastery in the seventh century around which a town

slowly developed, a propitious beginning for the illustrious city. The process of these thirteen centuries, however, brought calamities in multitudes. Danes, Normans, Algerian pirates, Ironsides, and Irish rebels in their turn besieged and possessed the place. If the shedding of blood and brilliant contending can consecrate the scene of its enactment, Cork is holy ground. The story of the bloody past seemed hardly credible as I paused upon St. Patrick's Bridge and looked upon the busy waters of the river Lee, and then along St. Patrick's Street with its moving throngs and elegant stores. There, too, stands Foley's eloquent statue of Father Mathew erected in 1864 to honor the memory of the courageous "Apostle of Temperance." To be informed that Ireland has more drinking places in proportion to wealth and population than any other country in the world—and I can readily believe it, for, while not on the hunt, I saw a few thousand of them myself—to be so informed, I say, is to devoutly wish for some gladiatorial apostle to strike the drink demon to his death. No one can doubt that Ireland's "cup of woe" is due in large measure to the Irishman's glass of whiskey.

Far pleasanter were the thoughts that arose as, looking back upon the other side of the river I saw silhouetted against the crimsoned sky the curious old spire of Shandon Church where still chime the bells popularized by Francis Sylvester O'Mahoney, better known as "Father Prout." The poet was born at Cork in 1804. The bells are not remarkably musical, but they captivated the sensitive soul of the child, and for him there could be no sweeter sound on earth. His genius was destined to set them ringing in the imagination of thousands who never saw Shandon Hill.

"With deep affection
And recollection
I often think on
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.
On this I ponder
Where'er I wander
And thus grow fonder
Sweet Cork of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee."

Where St. Fin Barre established his monastery now stands a noble cathedral, one of the handsomest buildings in Ireland. Its pointed arches, its lofty towers and spires, its well wrought statues and rich windows harmonize in a structure both substantial and ornate. Looking in admiration at the west front, with its beautiful portals and the figures of the Bridegroom, the Ten Virgins, the Evangelists and Apostles; the gargoyles representing the conflict between Avarice and Liberality, Pride and Humility, Iodlatry and Faith, Sensuality and Chastity; then up at the central spire 240 feet high and ornamented with carvings of the four beasts of Daniel, I felt that I was beholding more than a "sermon in stone." It is a volume of sermons. Its oratory is that of a thousand sanctified tongues. It speaks with the gathered eloquence of thirteen centuries.

The curious feature of the interior is the organ. The pipes are sunken through the floor so that the observer may look down upon them instead of up at them. This was done to avoid obstructing light, and hiding one of the exquisite windows. From its lowly place the instrument sends its melody high up into the lofty arches, and out through choristry and

nave filling the remotest recesses with its ecstatic sound. Having heard such music it is easy to believe in goodness, and peace, and love, and angels, and in a heaven whose harmonies are eternally unbroken.

I went from the Cathedral to Queen's College, also in the western part of the city and most becomingly situated on an eminence overlooking the river. Again I was amply rewarded. It is an ideal spot for the scholastic training of ambitious young Celts. "Where Fin Barre taught let Munster learn," is the inscription upon the entrance to the grounds. Munster is the largest of the four provinces of Ireland, the others being Ulster, Connaught and Leinster. The inscription invokes the spell of centuries. In fancy one sees the cowled forms of the scholars of a former millenium gathering at wisdom's shrine to be taught by the great founder himself, for the University of the ancient abbey stood on this very same hill. Today the spacious grounds are elaborately laid out. There are smooth roadways, winding paths, extensive lawns, rare varieties of trees and shrubbery, botanical gardens, greenhouses, a biological laboratory, an astronomical observatory, and

Berkeley Hall, a magnificent residence. The college buildings are built of light limestone on three sides of a square and contain museums, libraries, class rooms, examination halls, executive offices—everything in fact demanded by modern ideas and methods. Queen's College is affiliated with colleges at Galway and Belfast in what is known by Act of Parliament, as the Royal Irish University. There are departments in Arts, Law, Medicine, and Engineering. The subject of fees is always interesting and I discovered that students paid two kinds of fees, called College Fees and Class Fees—to be paid of course before admission to classes. These little regulations are important in the educational world. The College Fee is ten shillings. That is cheap. The Class Fee is one, two, or three pounds for a course of lectures according to subject. I do not know how cheap that is. So much depends on both the lecturer and the lectured. It was pleasant to linger amid classic shades and to think of the days when Irishmen were the great scholars of the world. Nor has the glory all departed. The present incumbent of the honorable office of President of Queen's College, Cork, is an excellent man of letters.

His name appears in the Book of Regulations as Bertram C. A. Windle, M. A., D. Sc., M. D., F. R. S., F. S. A.

The Court House is a building of which the city and county of Cork may well be proud. At the time of the Assizes, the Judge is a mighty man of valor and honor. He is radiant in wig and scarlet coat. He rides to the Court House in elegant equipage, with military escort. "It's the other way in our country," said a Pennsylvania judge as the pageant flashed by, "with us a judge is allowed to come and go like an honest man." Was he envious?

Cork is a city of a few great avenues broad and clean, and of many lanes crooked and unclean. During an evening stroll through some of these narrower streets I caught frequent glimpses of the squalor concerning which so much has been written and said. The Irishman's proverbial indifference to dirt is unquestionably a factor in the problem of the South. In a particularly unwholesome alley I noticed a group of barefooted children paddling in the filthy drainage. My attention was again attracted by a number of pitifully ragged boys who had scraped a quantity of mud from the gutter and were piling it in a

pyramidal heap. I watched the proceeding for a few minutes wondering what the climax of the sport was to be. The mud pyramid rose higher and higher until its size seemed to satisfy the ambition of the builders. Then they withdrew about equal distances, in different directions, with much shouting and challenging and gesticulating. The denouement was about to be revealed. It awaited only the signal. Excitement ran high. The audience was athrill with expectancy. Suddenly there was a terrific charge upon the mud heap. The first lad to get within reach gave it such a vigorous kick that his competitors were bespattered from head to foot. The kicking continued from all directions until the pyramid had been transferred in sections to the anatomies of the kickers. Obviously they resembled a company of American politicians after a lively campaign. It was glorious fun. The lads proceeded immediately to gather more mud and I went on my way indulging an impression.

V. BLARNEY'S SECRET.

"Did you kiss the Blarney Stone?"

Some centuries ago, at about the time when Christopher Columbus was a little round legged lad at play in a narrow street in Genoa, there lived in the south of Ireland a great and famous man by the name of Cormac McCarthy, full chested, brave hearted, glib tongued. He it was who built a castle at Blarney, a little town about five miles from Cork. The castle was one hundred and twenty feet high, with massive walls and a square tower. It was a mighty fortress, practically impregnable. In spite of the disfigurements of time and battle it has now an isolated nobility like that of the scarred hero among recruits. Mounting the stone steps to the top of the tower, there is no difficulty in locating the talismanic stone. The "really true" Blarney Stone is a sill upon the south side of the battlement, about twenty feet from the top, It is reenforced by bands of iron with a railing extending to it upon the outside of the wall. The individual who would attempt to reach it head downward, after the traditional style, would be so hope-

lessly a stranger to wisdom, that the kissing of a thousand Blarney Stones would be of no avail. By bending the head backward through an opening from the *inside* of the projecting wall, and with the aid of a supporting rod, the osculatory act might be safely performed, and the "sweet and persuasive eloquence" obtained. No, I did not do it. I touched the magic spot with the ferrule end of my faithful umbrella, however, and the subtle influence connected itself with my tongue by way of umbrella stick. O, there can be no doubt about it whatever. As I felt the current rising through my arm I determined to achieve fame by announcing to the world this new and easy method of obtaining wit and eloquence. At last, the coveted gift was mine! But woe is me! I had neglected at the supreme moment to close my lips and the precious token under the impetus of its own acceleration escaped to the free and fickle winds. This is the truest Blarney story ever told. It is very evident therefore that to obtain the greatest benefit from the Blarney Stone one must keep his mouth shut. The secret is out.

"Beauteous Blarney" is no myth. Come

stand with me for a moment upon the ancient battlement. Bear your head to the ozoniferous breeze. Lift your cheek to the warming rays that sift through the thinning clouds. Look down upon those sturdy trees that season after season lift their banners to the landscape and fling out their message of the life that ne'er shall end. Down there in the fairy dell where the brook is singing its lullabys to the birds is the home of the blue bell, the buttercup, and the daisy. There, too, the tiny shamrock whispers contentment to the cuddling sod. Afar, to the North, to the South, to the East, to the West—everywhere rolls the panorama of glad hills, fertile fields and silvered streams. Drink in the glory of the day and scene, and thank kind Heaven that you are not a mediaeval baron besieged in a castle whose walls are eighteen feet thick and whose turrets drip with the blood of desperate defenders.

VI. A BIT OF BOG.

From Cork to Bantry is an easy journey by rail. In making it I got my first glimpse of bog lands, with their oozy soil, their long black trenches and rows of turf ready for the peasants' hearth. There are more than two million acres of bogs in Ireland, about one-seventh of the total acreage of the country. One cannot travel far, therefore, without becoming familiar with their general features. A bog is earth's symbol of desolate solitude. It is one of the most sombre of the "myriad forms" with which nature holds communion with the soul. It bears an aspect of repellent cheerlessness. The pall of decay hangs over it—it is but the sepulchre of the ancient forest. Yet out of this charnel house comes the fuel for the cheery fires that conquer the chill of the peasant's cabin. From darkness comes light, and from death springs life more abundant.

The economic possibilities of these immense bogs are of course very great. They are in some places fifty feet deep. The average depth of the trenches is fifteen feet. Here are

vast coal beds in actual process of formation, there being less difference between coal and the blacker peat at the bottom of the trenches than there is between that and the lighter turf at the top. So I was informed by an intelligent Irishman familiar with peat beds and coal deposits. I quote him in preference to the books; not that there was anything new in the intelligence, but that it was first handed. One cannot tell how many handed may be the information one gets from a book.

The turf is cut with a sharp spade-like implement into pieces about brick size and exposed to dry. It is then gathered into some convenient shed or stacked up in the open to be used at convenience.

On a certain propitious afternoon up in Mayo County my brazen little camera gathered upon its film the impress of a fair colleen and her shaggy donkey engaged in the labor of transportation. It was a menial task to be sure, but there was something of idealism and idyllic simplicity in the scene. I thought of Ruth following the gleaners at Bethlehem. Ah, she was attractive enough, this Irish peasant girl,—attractive enough for the brush of a Raphael. In fact the loosely flowing shawl

falling back from the abundant chestnut hair, the well rounded face with even features and wistful wondering eyes, give just a hint of the Sistine Madonna. As for the beast, his expression was that of one at peace with all the world and with all the worlds. Upon his back were two huge baskets almost as large as himself, in which the fuel was carried from the bog. Often the more prosaic cart is used instead of the baskets, and just as often a less romantic person than the fair colleen does the driving. That was the Ireland that I "went out for to see"—the "Ould Ireland" of bogs and donkeys and folks.

Among my souvenirs I have a picture post-card made of peat. This is civilization's highest compliment to the bog. I was informed, however, that these cards were not popular enough to warrant their continued manufacture. Those now in existence may be regarded as curiosities.

VII. GLORIOUS GLENGARIFF.

The Irish coast is a ring of bays and promontories. Bantry Bay is a majestic isle-dotted sweep of water with its marginal hills torn into a succession of gullies. At the head of the Bay is Glengariff, "Rough Glen," declared by Lord Macaulay to be the fairest spot in the British Isles. High praise from high authority. Glengariff and its environs seemed to me to be a composite of the Maine Woods, the Catskill Mountains and the Thousand Islands. Such a place on the Atlantic Coast of the United States would soon become a Mecca for the health and pleasure seekers of the whole continent. Salmon and trout fishing can be enjoyed in all the little streams that gurgle through the mystic glens, and the Bay abounds in pollock, bass, hake, mackerel, and other beauties worth the catching. The cormorant, the wild duck and the snipe allure the man with the gun, not to speak of the otters and seals that are reported to inhabit the island shores and rock caverns. Nimrods and Waaltons can there find sport for many a day. Less murderous pleasures, however, were more

consonant with the briefness of my visit and the conspicuous gentleness of my disposition—not to confound gentleness with an over regard for one's personal comfort and safety, as some mistakenly do.

A sturdy young Glengariff lad was engaged as boatman and guide. His broad shoulders, thick curly hair, full honest face, and frank, confident, yet deferential, manner excited interest. I interrogated. I discovered in him one of the noble race of McCarthy, Mr. Eugene McCarthy if you please, who by dividing his time between his farm and his boat is able to eke out something like an existence. But his hopes are across the sea. He purposes some day to become an American citizen with a steady job and a pretty little surplus in the bank. There are thousands such as he in Ireland, whose hearts are set on the American paradise. Entering into their visions they find remunerative, if laborious, employment in this great land, rear their children in an atmosphere of freedom, whose sons in turn pass on to the colleges, pulpits, courts and council chambers to shape the policies of the nation and to safeguard its welfare. They may mount, some of them, to the pinnacle of polit-

ical preferment, for of such were Andrew Jackson and William McKinley, and of such also were Monroe, Buchanan, and Arthur. Ave Eugene McCarthy! There's plenty of room in America for the likes of you.

The "personally conducted" tour around the harbor was a success, Eugene himself furnishing much of the "local color." He took me to Cromwell's Bridge, now only a mournful stone arch hidden in the trees that stretch their ancient branches from side to side of the little river. A portion of the bridge was long since swept away, but the wonder is that any of it remains, for the whole bridge was built in a miraculous hurry—in an hour, according to the veracious Eugene who was only perpetuating veracious tradition. I would have marvelled had he said a week. The builders worked under a mighty incentive. Noble Cromwell declared he would off with their heads if they exceeded the time limit. That was only Cromwell's way of saying "Please hurry." "Cromwell must have been a gentleman of decapitating manners," I remarked. "Sure sor, he was no gentleman at all, sor," said Eugene. "He'd do anything, sor." Eugene's "sors" came at the rate of about forty

per second. There were several islands to be pointed out, and the old fort, and the Earl of Bantry's beautiful home facing the Bay, and the cascade, a crystal veil draping the mossy rocks in a framework of holly and laurel as lovely as any fairy haunted dell of our dearest dreams. Macaulay's appraisal of the glories of Glengariff was not extravagant—at least not too extravagant to fit my own mood. So delighted was I that I did not want to believe that there could be any fairer spot in the Kingdom.

The village of Glengariff is small and not especially interesting. There is, however, a very laudable work being carried on at the lace school where about seventy young women are becoming experts in the art. The manageress is a gracious, yet business-like young lady, whose name happened to be identical with my own patronymic, "which," said she, "I trust, is nothing against either of us." She exhibited some exquisite pieces of Crochet and of Needlepoint, Limerick and Carrickmacross laces. The making of these laces furnishes refined employment for many girls who otherwise would be doomed to drudgery. It is a feature of the great modern movement that

has brought new hope to Old Ireland. A rejuvenating process is well under way throughout the country. It is unmistakably genuine. It is artistic, industrial and moral in spirit depending not primarily on parliamentary policies. Such men as Sir Horace Plunkett, by putting the emphasis on *character*, are laying the axe to the root of Ireland's difficulties. The story of such remedial agencies as the Recess Committee, the Congested Districts Board, the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, the County Councils, the Land Purchase Acts, etc., is one of the most encouraging of modern times, albeit its discussion is too weighty a matter for the present narrative. The fact that the lace school at Glengariff is under the Congested Districts Board illustrates something of the method of the Irish industrial and moral advance and justifies at least a passing allusion to the great awakening, out of which will march the forces that are to dominate Irish history and politics.

In the dusk of the evening I walked out along a lonely road upon the jagged side of a wild ravine. As the shadows deepened and the cool night wind murmured a weird obligato to the riotous splashing of a mountain

stream as it sported unseen among the rocks, a vivid sense of the grandeur of the scene possessed me. No human being was in sight, none within sound of my voice probably. Alone, with the illimitable glory of earth and sea and sky! Yet not alone for there were the friendly stars, and the friendly trees, and the friendly mountains, and better than all, the consciousness of that Supreme Personality always in communication with persons. Even so, He smiles upon us through all shadows, and loves us through all changes. There and then I realized, as never before, that the two paramount verities through all the Universe are God and Love. Thus "Glorious Glengariff" opened its heart of beauty and revealed its sweetest secret. Now can I join with one gifted in the art of song:—

"Glengariff; on thy shaded shore,
I've wandered when the sun was high,
Have seen the moonlight showers pour,
Through thy umbrageous canopy;
Have heard thy voice of music give,
Its tones of sweetness to mine ear,
By waterfalls that murmuring, live
To flow through many a changing year."

VIII. THE SONG AT TWILIGHT.

"By Killarney's lakes and fells,
Emerald Isles and winding bays,
Mountain paths and woodland dells
Mem'ry ever fondly strays * * * *"

The voice of the singer was full of that subtle heart-reaching pathos that suits so well the old familiar song of Balfe's. Pythagoras taught and practised the medicament of music, and Plato considered a nation's songs the gauge of a nation's morals. On these ancient and accepted principles, the composer of Killarney, though he had never written "The Bohemian Girl," deserves the gratitude of his countrymen. It was the evening of my arrival at Killarney. There, amid the glories so feelingly portrayed by the poet, I listened to the singing of that wondrous melody. It came floating from the white throat of a gifted young Killarney girl, in rich mezzo soprano tones. Verily it seemed as though the hills had actually broken forth into song.

"Bounteous nature loves all lands,
Beauty wanders everywhere;
Footprints leaves on many strands,
But her home is surely here.
Angels fold their wings and rest
In that Eden of the West,
Beauty's home, Killarney,
Ever fair, Killarney."

The journey from Glengariff had been made by coach, an exhilarating ride of more than forty miles on smooth roads winding around and over the grizzled mountains of Counties Cork and Kerry. The noonday refreshment was taken at Kenmare, and it happened to be "Fair Day" at Kenmare. Fair Day, let it be understood, is an honorable institution of great local importance. The first token of excitement to present itself to me was the spectacle of a family of eight riding into town in a little donkey cart built for one. The streets were rendered almost impassable by the herding in them of animals commonly considered lower than man. Every farmer within ten or fifteen miles around had brought in his stock to be bartered or sold. There was a Noachian variety of cows, calves, pigs, goats, sheep, poultry,—everything in fact that was alive and marketable. What haggling and coaxing and bargain driving and interpositions, and slap-

ping of fingers! Thus dramatically does the Celt "crack a bargain." A very large man with a very red face and a very thick moustache and carrying a very heavy cane was haggling with a very little man with very sharp eyes and very thin side whiskers. "Show me three fingers," said the big fellow. He gave the extended fingers a tremendous slap, exclaiming "I'll make it three pound six!" "I'll not do it," said the little fellow. There was a magnificent flourish of the heavy cane, and the possessor thereof turned away with a noble air of defiance. He was called back, however, for more persuasion. "I knew I'd make ye call me," said he, with a tantalizing sneer. I left him the center of an extremely animated group of Milesians. The main street of the town, along which I was making slow progress, was, for the time being, nothing better than an elongated barn-yard. They still do things that way in Ireland.

But Killarney! Mecca of tourists, theme of poets, paradise of artists! Killarney, at last! Small wonder that the voice of the fair singer that night grew richer with feeling as she proceeded:—

"Innisfallen's ruined shrine
May suggest a passing sigh,
But man's faith can ne'er decline
Such God's wonders floating by * * *"

Wonders! God's wonders indeed. Wonders of lake and stream, rock, mountain, forest and foliage interspersed with wrecked memorials of the ancient Faith.

"Castle Lough and Glena Bay,
Mountains Tore and Eagle's Nest,
Still at Muckross you must pray
Though the monks are now at rest."

Muckross *is* a prayer—a broken yet eloquent cry, a sob out of the centuries. The monks have long since passed to their rest, yet enough remains of their buildings to show that they were remarkably beautiful, embowered in the shade of kingly trees and costumed in glossy ivy. Outlines of choir, transept and nave, can still be traced. Imagination can reproduce much of what time and tyrant have destroyed. The old yew tree still has root in the square around which runs the gloomy cloister where pious devotees once loitered and discussed the problems of their order. That was long ago, a century and more before Elizabeth sat on the throne of the Tudors or

ever Shakespeare had filled the earth with the perfume of his genius.

Heart throbs were in the notes:—

"Angels wonder not that man
There would fain prolong life's span,
Beauty's home, Killarney
Ever fair, Killarney."

The Gap of Dunloe is a wild ravine, cleft, says the legend, by the great sword of Fenn McCoul. The distance from Kate Kearney's Cottage at the entrance of the Gap to Lord Brandon's Cottage at the head of the Upper Lake is about six miles. The journey is usually made on horseback. On either side are the mountains, the Tomies and the Purple Mountains on the left, the Macgillycuddy Reeks on the right, with Carrantuohill 3414 feet high. O, but it was a glorious ride I had that day! There were the savage glories of gorge, crag and bowlder; the overshadowing heights of the mountains, the gurgle and splash of the tumbling river, the interweaving of the heather and arbutus. Mine was a good looking animal, about the best in the Gap, I thought. She had a white spot on her forehead, star-shaped, so I dubbed her Venus, after the god-

dess of beauty and the loveliest of the planets. She had a well-formed neck, luxuriant mane, and limbs like the bronzes of St. Mark's. A level stretch here and there made it possible to show her speed, when the pounding of hoofs upon the hard road brought the echoes from the crags, sounding like a cavalry troop at charge. It was splendid, thrilling!

"Purple Mountain," gorgeous in color, towered like a king in robes of state. Black Lough, in which St. Patrick drowned the last of the Irish serpents, glittered like a jewel on the royal insignia. At length the summit was reached, and I could look down upon the Black Valley, and the Upper Lake. I cannot describe that view. I am sure I do not want to try. Moses saw nothing so grand from Nebo's top.

"No place else can charm the eye
With such bright and varied tints,
Every rock that you pass by
Verdure broiders or besprints.
Virgin there the green grass grows,
Every morn springs natal day,
Bright hued berries daff the snows,
Smiling winter's frown away.
Angels often pausing there,

Doubt if Eden were more fair.
Beauty's home, Killarney,
Ever fair, Killarney."

It is true not only of the heathen lands of which Heber wrote in his immortal Missionary Hymn that a pleasing prospect often contrasts itself with the vileness of man. Many a sad spectacle will be seen in a day at Killarney, unless one be disposed to think only of the humorous side of the situation. A white haired woman, gaunt and wrinkled, her bare feet and ankles showing beneath her ragged skirt, importuned me to buy a pair of heavy woolen socks of her own knitting. "It's a poor counthry, sor," was her reply to the suggestion that she needed something of that character for her own use. The scores of women scattered all through the Gap of Dunloe, selling illegally distilled whiskey, poetically called "mountain dew" and "poteen," (it is brewed in small pots) create many a laugh, leave many a painful reflection. They haunt the ravine like witches. Like an apparition from the nether regions, a shriveled Hecate suddenly appeared in the path and cried, "Good day, sor, and good luck, sor, and will ye be takin' a drap o' the poteen, sor, and

if ye don't want to drink will ye be after lavin' the footin' anyway, sor." She had in her hand a bottle of milk and a small glass, and hidden in the folds of her shawl the bottle of "dew." For six pence she would sell a glass of milk, or a "wee drap" of the whiskey, or I might buy the milk and accept the whiskey as a gift. It is a nice elastic arrangement, adjustable to any ordinary conscience. A person with no thirst to assuage may, nevertheless, find opportunity to part with his coin, as these creatures are as willing to beg as to trade. "It's an American gintleman ye are," said one, taking hold of the stirrup to detain me. "How did you guess that," said I. "Sure," said she, "the American gintlemen are so nice and kind to the poor. They always lave us somethin'." Verily, a reputation is a valuable asset in this hungry world. It may be funny, this wayside begging and whiskey selling, but in the Ireland that is to be, the redeemed, the uplifted, the new Ireland, there will be none of it.

The boat ride across the lakes to the landing at Ross Castle opens a matchless vision of miraculous beauty. Every stroke of the oar produces a new scene, and each scene is a

masterpiece framed in gold. Such grace of outline, such wealth and subtlety of color! The Louvre and the Uffizzi have their priceless treasures, but Killarney is the gallery of God. Who but the Divine Artist could do such tinting, who but the Divine Sculptor could fashion such forms! The rare Irish imagination has spun the gorgeous gossamer of its fancy from shore to summit, and every conceivable spot is identified with some captivating tale of banshee, devil or hero. The composite effect is one of ecstatic enchantment. The Upper Lake with its bordering hills and island jewels, the Long Range connecting with the Middle or Muckross Lake, the rapids, the Old Weir Bridge, Dinish Island, Innisfallen in the Lower Lake, the vine embraced walls of old Ross Castle, the red deer feeding in the marge, the cloud ranks maneuvering along the sky line, the voices of the boatmen, the almost reverent quietness of the passengers, seem now but the features of a never-to-be-forgotten dream.

Eagle's Nest, rising nearly a thousand feet from the water, was to me a breathing giant rather than a soulless mass of rock. The eagle building his eyrie there is a king amid splendors unapproached in any court of

empire. The echo is astounding. A bugle blast is taken up and passed from peak to peak with remarkable distinctness. Its last faint note in the far distance is like the voice of an angel calling the saints to Heaven. The reverberating of these musical echoes among Killarney's lovely hills is the perfect merging of the terrestrial with the celestial.

"Music there for Echo dwells,
Makes each sound a harmony;
Many voiced the chorus swells
Till it faints in ecstasy.
With the charmful tints below
Seems the Heaven above to vie;
All rich colors that we know
Tinge the cloud-wreath in that sky
Wings of angels so might shine,
Glancing back swift light divine.
Beauty's home, Killarney!
Ever fair, Killarney!"

It was my pleasure to meet at Killarney in the beatiful grounds of the Lake Hotel an interesting character in the person of one "Jotter," an artist in the employ of the Tuck Company. I watched him at his work for a time and saw him with loving hand quicken the canvas with the hues of nature, commenting pleasantly the while upon the delicate

shades of color lurking on hill and cloud. To the eye of the man of training and talent the scene was incomparable. He declared his belief that the angels do actually fold their wings and rest at Killarney. Were I an angel I would ask no sweeter ecstasy of joy.

IX. LIMERICK ON THE SHANNON.

Among the oft recurring memories of dear old college days, the dearer the further they recede, are the strains of that boisterous song celebrating the valor of a pugnacious Hibernian, who has much to say concerning the tail of his coat, and wherein are the lines:—

"In the A. M. we met at Killarney,
The Shannon we crossed in a boat."

When I came to cross the Shannon myself I had a sense of acquaintanceship for which, I suppose, the uproarious song was responsible.

The Shannon is the Irish Amazon. In fact it is the largest river in the British Isles. Its sources are far to northward, and in places it is very narrow and quite unnavigable. Again it widens out into lake dimensions, and these lakes occupy no mean place among the picturesque charms of the country. Finally the stream pours its great flood into the ocean through a harbor gateway seven miles in width.

My first glimpse of the Shannon was obtained from the quays and bridges of old Limerick.

The city occupies both sides of the river, and an island between. It is called the "City of the Violated Treaty." Thereby hangs a tale, an oft-told tale, a tale to stir the blood of the honor loving in all lands. Close by the Thomond Bridge, and elevated on a granite pedestal may be seen a rough stone, called the Treaty Stone. Around that stone the thrilling story swings, for upon it a famous document was signed more than two hundred years ago. The situation was rather interesting, as Mark Twain might say. The year was 1691. Protestant William and Catholic James had been struggling for the mastery. Limerick was then, next to Dublin, the most important city in Ireland. In August of the previous year King William had led his army against it, had battered a breach in the strong wall, and had sent his men through it to fight for hours within the city in as daring and stubborn combat as heroes can wage against heroes. They were finally driven back, and Limerick, with broken walls and bloody streets, still flung defiance at the disappointed King. He soon returned to England, leaving his ablest generals in command. After Athlone, Sligo and Galway had been taken, the second siege

of Limerick began. The bombardment continued until there was hardly enough left of the city to fight over. The combatants on both sides were exhausted. The Treaty of Limerick was signed on the third day of October. It was an honorable treaty, and a fair one. It guaranteed religious liberty and restoration of privileges to Catholics. It permitted the soldiers of the garrison to join the English army, or to leave the country if they preferred. The great name of Ginkel, commander of the English, went down on that treaty; so did the greater name of Sarsfield, defender of Limerick. It was a righteous treaty. King William gladly ratified it. It signalized the close of the Jacobite wars in Ireland.

Just one year and three days after the Treaty Stone had thus been consecrated, Parliament met at Dublin, and after the manner of parliaments proceeded to nullify the terms of the treaty by passing laws directly opposed thereto. Such is history as the Irishman reads it, and so much at least must be recalled on a visit to Limerick. I gazed long and hard at that monument to perfidy and wondered if its language was understood by the jolly lads playing at its base.

Across the river I could see the rounded wall of old King John's Castle, whose masonry antedates Runnymede. It is another object lesson. It has survived shock upon shock, has been defended by many generations of fighting men, has sheltered the soldiers of Plantaganet, Tudor, Stuart, and Hanoverian monarchs; and what tyrant John builded, Edward still employs to barrack his garrison. Even then, at the time of the building of the Castle, Limerick was an old city, older than New York now is. Antiquity is one of its charms. Yet its main thoroughfare, George Street, prides itself on its modern aspect, with its good hotels, large stores and throngs of eager shoppers. The magnificent quays and docks show that the natural advantages of the noble old river are thoroughly appreciated.

In addition to its lace, Limerick is boastful of its three b's—bacon, butter and beauty. The last mentioned applies of course to human beings of the feminine gender. The guide books boldly challenge the visitor to observe the loveliness of the Limerick ladies, and who could be so ungallant as to fail to perceive it?

Across the Sarsfield Bridge, near one end of which stands a statue of Lord Fitzgibbon—

one of the heroes of Balaclava, flows a stream of humanity almost as steady as the current that runs under its five arches. Having spent some hours in visiting various parts of the city, and having seen its most interesting streets, buildings and monuments, I gave myself the luxury of about twenty minutes' rest and observation upon the bridge. Loafing comes easy to some mortals. There were a few masters in the art leaning against the open balustrade opposite. Evidently I was as interesting to them as they were to me. Loafing is the same in all languages. The moving throng was a fascinating pageant. There were jaunty nurses with prettily dressed children in charge, and there were children ragged and nurseless, all unconscious of their disadvantage. There were old women in soiled shawls, queer and quaking, and there were handsome women in elegant equipages. There were men robust and alert, and there were men wizened and dull eyed. Pedestrians strolled or hurried, according to purpose or whim, equestrians sat proudly on spirited mounts, teamsters urged on their indifferent horses, and jarveys flourished their whips and solicited patronage. It was the hour for the evening delivery of milk, and

donkey carts laden with pear shaped cans were being driven about by girls and women, for the Limerick milkman is not a man. There at the bridge I saw the life of Limerick in cameo. The scene remains clear cut in memory, a frequent reminder of the pleasure afforded by a visit to the royal city of the old Munster kings, the "City of the Violated Treaty."

X. A ROYAL RIVER.

From the cities and towns, farms and factories of the West of Ireland may be gathered a harvest of impressions impossible to those who confine themselves to the more familiar scenes of Killarney, Belfast, and Dublin. Herein is travel so far superior to reading as a source of information, especially where through the smoke of controversy the truth is rarely seen; the Celt who writes his diatribes with the ink of anathema proves little but that his veins are full of boiling blood. The Britisher is entitled to his bias. To visit the scenes and to converse with the actors, concerning which and concerning whom so many conflicting judgments are delivered, enables one to shape his own opinions to something like distinctness. So I found it, especially during the pilgrimage from Limerick to Sligo.

To Killaloe on the Shannon is a pleasant hour's journey by rail. The town is small, with a population of about 900, but it is very large in the measure of its environal beauty and its natural advantages of location. The mountains, great and green, arise around it, the

river rushes before it, and Lough Derg stretches away to the northward. An attractive hotel, most pleasantly situated and surrounded by artistically kept grounds and gardens, assures the comfort of guests. Of the quiet yet lavish loveliness of the place too much can hardly be said in way of praise. It has its industries and its antiquities, a venerable cathedral, and the traditional site of a famous palace of Brian Boru. Its recreative advantages are numerous. A tired man, a man wearied of the city's din, or determined on the sports of forest and stream would find delight at Killaloe. Darkness gathers very slowly in this latitude, the twilight lingering as though loath to relinquish the glorious landscape. Being fond of evening walks and starry skies, I indulged myself for a time in that gentle form of excitement. The air was cool and vocal with pleasing sounds —the splash of water, the sigh of wind, the silvery call of birds from the woodland, the echo of laughter and song from the village. Ursa Major spread out his huge form overhead, and great Arcturus was swinging his blazing light low over the Western hills. Cygnus, once a swan, now a cross of

diamonds brooched upon the Milky Way, shone like the sign of Constantine. The heavenly host swung on in noiseless march, filling the night with the glory of their pageantry. "Ah!" thought I, "The Irishman is a lucky lad after all. From the greenest sod on earth he can look up to the brightest stars of heaven, while his ears are filled with nature's sweetest orchestrations. He is a lucky lad indeed." That evening at Killaloe was keyed with inspirations and crowded with hallelujahs. The day following was to be one of rapturous amens.

"Queen of the Irish Lakes" is the proud title borne by Lough Derg. Not so large as Lough Neagh in the North East, and not so famous as Killarney in the South West, it is large enough and lovely enough to merit queenly honors. There are more than a hundred lakes in Ireland. To be queen among them is high distinction. It lies along the course of the Shannon for twenty-five miles, its extended banks forming a vast reservoir in which is gathered an immense volume of water.

The steamer started at 8 a.m. to carry its few passengers across the lake and on up the river as far as Banagher. I was soon conscious

of the impress of wondrously impressive conditions. The Emerald hills of Clare, Tipperary, and Galway stood around like Maids of Honor to the Queen. Bordered with rich and varied foliage, the far reaching Lough seemed all the more majestic beneath heavy skies. Storm clouds, like black steeds in rampage, chased across the heavens and down over the Galway horizon, followed by lighter formations through which the sun sifted his fire, streaking clouds, hills and lake with lines of glowing color. And so it continued through the morning, a soul moving vision in black, white, green and gold,—a scenic rhapsody of rare magnificence. How futile are the ordinary figures of speech as interpretations of nature's grander moods! I ventured as much in a casual remark to a stranger standing near by, and he readily agreed. It proved to be the opening of a conversation that lasted until he left the steamer at Portumna. There are companionable fellows the world around. None more so than the intelligent Irishman.

He was a Dublin man. In dress, speech, and manners he was a typical Dublin man, sufficient commendation for those who know

Dublin. He was of medium height, with light brown hair, moustache of a still lighter shade, cheeks aglow with rich color, eyes large and blue and kindly. A gentleman he was every inch of him. His straw hat was of the latest Dublin fashion, and the inevitable rain coat fitted unusually well about his athletic figure. He made constant use of a binocular field glass, which he generously shared with me and which worked miracles upon the Elysian scenes through which we were passing. But not for these things, primarily, is he now remembered. I soon made the discovery that my friend was one of the agents representing the Congested Districts Board, even then travelling in the prosecution of his duties in connection with the most daring of all campaigns for the amelioration of the country's woes and wrongs. So he was more to me than a typical Dublinite, more than an agreeable companion for a few hours' journey. In his own delightful person he seemed to sum up the history of many decades and to prophesy the triumph of justice in the new era. For the nonce he personified Ireland's long battle with poverty.

Three-fourths of the population of Ireland

are dependent upon agriculture. Given the proper incentive, adequate equipment and education, the Irish farmer might have led a joyous existence, conscious at least of his own independence. An iniquitous system of land ownership robbed him of the incentive. Poverty and ignorance interacting one upon the other, forced upon him a drudgery that meant the death of hope. He has been a pitiful figure among earth toilers. He hates the government under which he is compelled to live. A tide of emigration carried away his best friends, reducing the population from eight to four millions in a few years. Habits of indolence, intemperance, and contentiousness deepened the pathos of his plight. His wrongs and his wrongdoings, his sorrows and his sins have complicated a problem in the solution of which the whole world is interested. Back of it all there is a long, long story which must be read with judicial mind, the probability being strong that the more familiar the reader becomes with the details of the story, the less inclined he will be toward rendering a final verdict.

As the little steamer chugged along merrily tossing the water from its bow and leaving a

white swell astern, innumerable hills poking into the landscape dotted with farms and occasionally surmounted by ruins, certainly picturesque and presumably historic, we discussed the "Irish Problem"—the Irishman and I. The discussion took the form of questions and answers, he furnishing the answers. He was, I think, thoroughly informed, quite unbiased, and unusually frank. He was courteous enough also to show no sign of weariness under the inquisition, in fact declared that he enjoyed it. He repudiated all claims to philanthropy, saying that while it was true that he was engaged in carrying out the provisions of philanthropic legislation, he was well paid for his work, and deserved no more praise than those engaged in other lines of business. It was for this man, however, rather than for Members of Parliament to apply parliamentary decisions directly to the peasant and his family, and there would be abundant opportunity for tact, kindliness, and diplomatic discrimination on his part. He related some incidents showing the need of these attributes. In selecting those to whom the opportunity of going to the larger and better farms should first be offered, the Scriptural rule, "Unto him

that hath shall be given'' is applied; ''for,'' said my worthy friend, ''the man who best succeeds under disadvantages is most deserving of the better chance.'' This bit of sound philosophy and practical wisdom is capable of a very wide application to present day conditions in the Emerald Isle.

Portumna is a small agricultural center in Galway County near the northern end of the lake. My affable companion bade me good bye at the landing, swung lightly to the seat of a jaunting car and was soon lost to view on the long road that leads into the town. I was left to the quiet contemplation of the Shannon scenery and to certain ruminations upon a series of events that seem about to culminate in a new baptism of happiness for a long unhappy land.

On the 22nd day of January, 1801, the ''Act of Union'' having been signed by King George III. on the first day of the preceding August, the ''combined'' parliament met at London. The Dublin parliament had suicided under what pressure and provocation the purer politics of today can hardly conceive. Since that time, legislation for Ireland has emanated from Westminster. The century opened under

most disheartening circumstances. Robert Emmet, young and ardent, blundered into an insurrection, and the executioner terminated his career. The country writhed in a fever of discontent and despair. The contortions were due to political and economic, racial and religious difficulties. Gaunt poverty stalked through the land and breathed misery and death through the green valleys. In 1838, poor houses were provided for the destitute. The act authorizing them was the result of investigations carried on by a royal commission. The commission reported frightful conditions. More than two million people were in extreme want, living in miserable hovels, sleeping on straw or on the hard earth. A meal of dried potatoes or wild herbs once a day was the usual portion. Many a family was saved from utter extinction by the Poor House. In that same year Father Mathew began his heroic crusade against drunkenness, one of the contributing causes of wretchedness everywhere. But poor houses and pledge signing campaigns were no sufficient remedy for the foul conditions, nor could they ward off the agonies yet to come. They came, those indescribable agonies of the famine of "Black

Forty-seven.'' The crops failed utterly and the peasants died by hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands until a quarter of the population had perished. Terrible! No other European country has ever received such a scourging. Woe upon woe, wound after wound, sorrow within sorrow and a multiplication of sorrows. O, Isle of Destiny, was it for this that the bold Milesians sought the slopes of thy green hills, thy brimming lakes, thy ravishing rivers?

Ireland bowed and bleeding, yet brave, won the world's pity. The consciences of legislators were awakened. Men in power of exalted position championed the cause of the afflicted. Bright and Gladstone were both eloquent, good, and compassionate. Yet the way to the light was through a jungle of experimental legislation. By the repeal of Corn Laws people could get bread at lower cost, but were eventually placed at a disadvantage in trade competition. Bankrupted landlords sold their property under the Encumbered Estates Act of 1849, but voracious speculators bought up the estates and the tenants' trials were heavier than before. The agitation known as ''Ribbonism'' followed with the

usual incidents of depredation and murder. The Tenants' League of 1850 was of little consequence. The Fenian excitement of the next decade stirred England to a keener sense of the urgency of the situation. The Protestant Episcopal Church was disestablished in Ireland in 1869, and at the same time the government assumed the right to purchase the estate of an embarrassed landlord and to sell it to tenants on easy terms. Here we behold the gleaming of a plan and a principle of incalculable value to Ireland. More than six thousand tenants became land owners under that act. Thus, after many centuries, the land began to pass back into the possession of the people, as it had been in the time prior to the Norman rule. Then followed the days of the fame of Michael Davitt and Charles Stewart Parnell, and the Land League of 1879, and the Gladstone Land Bill of 1881, granting the right of Fair Rent, Fixed Hold, and Free Sale, for which the Land League had contended. A brilliant dawn arose in the Land Purchase Act of 1885, when Parliament put $25,000,000 at the disposal of Irish tenants for the purchase of farms. The black night had passed, the sun was well up over the horizon.

Another grant was voted in 1888. Three years later Balfour secured $170,000,000 for the same purpose. This was legislation *magnifique*. The Government had acquired the habit. Special attention was given to this backward Western section with its congested districts and poor farms. County Councils were established in 1898, through which a considerable measure of self government is now in force. The Nineteenth Century closed in a blaze of new life for the "Old Sod." In the Wyndham Land Act of 1903 we behold the reform program in full swing. The Hibernian hates the Government and will continue to hate, thanking God for the privilege, but there will be less reason for it in the future than there has been in the past. After reading "The Making of Ireland and Its Undoing," by Alice Stopford Greene, one should turn to "Ireland in the New Century," by Sir Horace Plunkett.

Northward from the Lough, the Shannon is a narrow stream running through the meadow lands of Galway. In the rushing and receding waters of the steamer's wake the fringing reeds kept bowing like so many Hindus salaaming to the Maharajah. A delicious odor

filled the air. Never had I inhaled such sweetness. It was a delicate yet decided aroma extracted from the rich meadows and wafted about by the wizard breezes for the delectation of sensitive noses. I took deep draughts of it into my lungs as a medicament more precious than apothecaries' compounds. Also, I recalled other odors by way of contrast, and am willing to make affidavit that Ireland can furnish both extremes. Finally, with the fragrance of the Galway meadows still lingering upon our senses, we swung under the stone bridge at Banagher and the steamer was made fast to the landing.

One long gently winding street stretching away from the river to the little Protestant church on the hill, good macadam roadway, cobble-stone sidewalks, buildings one and two stories high, plastered and whitewashed, some with old thatched roofs and some with new slate roofs; dingy stores mostly of the "spirit" variety; a prevailing primitiveness, dashed here and there with the colors of the modern post-card—such is Banagher to the strolling stranger. I believe there is a distillery at Banagher, another evidence of the ubiquity of evil.

The bridge is a series of arches, plain but solid, the legatee of the honor bequeathed by the old one built four hundred years ago. There are ancient barracks down by the river. I know not how ancient they may be. Hunting up dates or guessing at them grows wearisome in a country crowded with antiquities.

Banagher is the terminus for Shannon steamers, and also for a branch line of the Great Southern and Western Railway. Thence my route lay through Ferbane to Clara and Athlone.

XI. CLARA AND ATHLONE.

The population of Clara is given as 1,111. It is a number one town, therefore, in at least four respects. It has a large jute mill, I remember, and I had a most interesting talk with its superintendent. He was Scotch and Protestant and had some interesting things to say about the town and its people. There are some beautiful estates in the vicinity. I was attracted by the groups of people standing near the entrance of the Catholic church and by the numbers constantly passing in and out. I joined the line of ingression. The occasion proved to be a gathering of school children for the awarding of prizes. There must have been four or five hundred boys and girls filling up the entire nave of the church, while proud parents and interested friends crowded the side aisles and transept. The cildren were well dressed and wore their sashes and badges with evident pride. It was as clean and intelligent a company as we are accustomed to see in our public schools. As for the adults, there was a difference. The majority seemed poorly dressed and many were disheveled and

dirty. They certainly were no tidier than our poorer tenement dwellers are apt to be. The day was rather muggy, and the atmosphere in the church was decidedly offensive. It was with some difficulty and with considerable discomfort that I reached a point of vantage, both for seeing and hearing. There stood the Bishop, properly rotund of figure, attired in elegant Episcopal raiment, with mitre and crozier, addressing as eager an audience as was ever hushed in the presence of ecclesiastical dignity. His language was plain, his counsel direct and sound. Then there was the reading of a list of names, and in response to each the child designated came forward, knelt before the Bishop, kissed his ring, and received from his hand a token, usually a book or gruesome picture of the tortured Savior. The full significance of the ceremony I could not comprehend, but that scene has arisen in memory many many times, always with an accompaniment of interrogation points. What may have been the impression made upon those plastic minds? How strong a factor will that impression be in the process of the unfolding of character? Is there a better way to mold the lives of Erin's

coming citizens? Do such influences in childhood account for the Irishman's unquestioned devotion to his religion? Can an educational system be over-charged with religion? Is there any relevance in the observation of a certain bold and impious American to the effect that Ireland has more rogues in the Rogues' Gallery and more saints in the Saints' Calendar than any other country on the planet?

Sectarianism is still a live wire in Ireland. But recently the Lower House of Parliament passed Mr. Redmond's bill seeking to remove all disabilities from Catholics and so to alter the King's Oath as to rid it of the obnoxious allusion to Catholicism. The Premier favored the bill. There is the usual "view with alarm" attitude on the part of many Protestants. Full forty years have passed since the disestablishment of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Ireland. As there are but three counties having more Protestants than Catholics the term "priest ridden" is still applicable, yet there is no doubt that in many cases the priests ride well and for the good of the ridden. Religious prejudice is still carried to extremes utterly unknown in America. I was strongly urged in one place not to patronize a certain

hotel because, even though it was the best hotel in the city, it was owned by a Catholic. I rested that night very comfortably in the *best hotel.*

There are about 61,000 Methodists in Ireland and 250 Methodist ministers. For thirty years laymen have had equal representation in the Annual Conferences, and are very generally welcomed to the pulpits. This utter absence of sacerdotalism brings Methodism into sharp contrast with Romanism. The Presbyterians are strong, especially in Ulster, having a following of over 400,000. The Church of Ireland (Protestant) has a membership of nearly 600,000. The Catholic population is said to be 3,321,011. This comes very close to being two-thirds of the entire population of the island. Romanism cannot be crushed in Ireland nor will Protestantism die, but Irishmen of all denominations must come to a larger realization of the joys and obligations of the brotherhood of the Cross. Thus only can the broader prosperity be achieved, and thus only can the Prince of Peace be honored according to the deserving of His great name.

Diagram Ireland as a target and Athlone will be found within the bull's-eye circle. Athlone is

central, distant but 78 miles from Dublin. Athlone is ancient, and historically important. Athlone is a Shannon city, it straddles the river. Athlone reminded me again of the only King John—for the Castle was built in his time; also of Ginkell and St. Ruth, rival generals who contended for possession in the stirring days of James II.; also of the Duke of Wellington, who was once quartered there; also and more especially of "The Widow Malone" so musically celebrated by Charles Lever:—

"Did ye hear of the widow Malone,
Ohone!
Who lived in the town of Athlone,
Alone?
Oh! she melted the hearts
Of the swains in them parts,
So lovely the widow Malone.
Ohone!
So lovely the widow Malone."

That wonderful Irishman, Oliver Goldsmith, was recalled to memory because of the proximity of "The Deserted Village," and that holy man, St. Kieran, by the sacred ruins of Clonmacnoise, only nine miles away, where crumbled churches, round towers, crosses and inscriptions compel a pathetic reflection upon

the learning, industry, piety, and glory of an age now shadowed in the dim recess of the centuries.

Athlone is an anachronism. It belongs to an ancient order of things. It is a vision out of that haunting dream that we call the past. There are just a few specks of modernism upon it. I will remember long those winding streets and topsy-turvey alleys, the long Railway Bridge, the Barracks, the Old Castle, the salmon weir, and the boatmen casting for trout in the river. A grimy crew were unloading coal from a schooner recently arrived from Dublin via the Grand Canal. Looking into the faces of the men one could not tell whether they were Hottentot or Hibernian, but I took it for granted that there were white skins down somewhere beneath the coal dust, and was glad of the evidence that all Ireland does not burn peat.

Athlone is properly proud of the vicinage of Lough Ree, with its romantic associations. It is an Irish Lake George, plus antiquities and myths. Enough has not yet been said about the lakes of Ireland. They are pearls in emerald settings.

XII. ON TO SLIGO.

Connaught is the great western province of Ireland. Mayo is the great Northwest County of Connaught. Ballyhaunis is a small town in Mayo County where I left the train for an afternoon's ramble in the country. It is a fair country to look upon, with gently sloping hills and green valleys freely patched with little lakes and streaked with threading rivers. Pasture and bog lands are plentiful. Farms are small but apparently fertile. Poverty is not abject, for the peasants are, I should say, as a class clean and industrious.

Connaught types are interesting. There was the good priest with his carroty head and cheery face, of whom I ventured to ask directions. Said he, "What State are you from?" I was again pleased at being so quickly recognized as an American. I told him state and city, and to my surprise learned that he had once lived in Newark, New Jersey, himself. He spoke familiarly of streets, public buildings, churches and people, and there on the village street the Mayo priest and the Jersey dominie had a little love feast. An hour

or so later I conversed with a farmer's wife who had spent eleven years in the United States—"though I don't look it now," said she. But she did look it, in spite of coarse shawl, patched skirt and care-drawn face. The American spirit is a light that cannot be hid under any bushel. It was in her soul and it flashed in manner and speech, though she had married a man of the soil and had gone back to the cabin and the potato patch.

"Is this the road to Ballina?" I asked of an aged woman hobbling along at the cross road. "It's not," said she. "I suppose I will have to go on to the next turn," said I. "Ye will that," said she. Her replies were sharp and short. They snapped. They blocked conversation. I had met another type. The preponderance of aged people in Ireland is a sorry spectacle and is of course related to the problem of emigration. The young have quick ears and they hear the call; they have brave hearts, strong hands and willing feet. They go. The old are not so. They must stay. This is the country whose population was cut in half in half a century. The number of persons now living in the United States of Irish birth or parentage is greater than the entire population

of Ireland. The average age of emigrants is twenty years. Hundreds of these old people remaining at home are dependent upon the money sent by sons and daughters across the sea, but they are doomed to a lonely old age. My heart went out to the tottering woman at the cross roads.

Another type soon appeared. There was just a fringe of thin white hair showing beneath the rim of his antiquated derby hat. Between his lips was the stem of his beloved "dudheen." One hand gripped a blackthorn while the other held a rope, the further end of which was tied to the hind leg of a huge porker, a rather nervous animal judging from the constant jerking of the aforesaid hind leg. The man, I judged, was a peaceable citizen, an "old timer," affable, though not especially talkative, and quite willing to submit to the kodaking ordeal. Then came the two towsie tots who called from the potato patch in eager entreaty to have their pictures taken; the young turf gatherer with her basket laden donkey, and the stout bodied laborer, who lamented the peasant farmer's hard lot, but agreed that conditions were not as bad as they used to be. All of which are but a few of the details of a pic-

ture of rare charm and warm human interest.

Sligo, "Capital of the Northwest," like Athlone and Limerick, is dim with the dust of centuries. It gives no evidence of ambition however rich it might be in experience. It is undisturbed by Twentieth Century sparkle and spirit. Round about are to be found some of Ireland's most interesting archaeological remains and most varied scenery. "Like as the mountains are round about Jerusalem," so the rugged hills encompass Sligo, forming a circle twenty miles or more in diameter, comprehending a wealth of woodland and water charms known as the Killarney of the North. Many weeks could be profitably employed amid these sylvan splendors, rambling, climbing, riding, hunting, fishing, golfing, exploring, writing, painting, according to taste, whim or talent. I met some English gentlemen at the hotel, one of whom was about to purchase an estate in the vicinity, declaring that there was no place equal to it in England. He was a sportsman, and had travelled the Kingdom thoroughly.

In the city are to be seen the Cathedral, the Bishop's Palace, the old Gothic Abbey in mournful ruins, the monument of O'Connor

Sligo, dating back to the first quarter of the 17th century, and such other historic markings as so ancient a town may be depended upon to possess. Mr. Gallagher, boatman down by the old stone bridge, Mr. William Gallagher, with second g silent, bearded, bronzed, wrinkled, blue eyed, hoary headed, staunch Catholic, determined Nationalist would, for the pleasure of it and ten shillings, introduce me to the pristine glories of Lough Gill. Again, there was "nothin' loike it" in all Ireland. Other obliging gentlemen there were who would be exultingly happy to pilot the traveler to the megalithic curiosities at Carrowmore. Or would it be a venture to the glens and crags of Knocknarea? Alas, that there is so much to see and so little time in which to see it! Ulysses probably uttered the same lament after his twenty years of traveling.

XIII. UP IN ULSTER.

Across County Leitrim, and in the very heart of Fermanagh lies happy Enniskillen. It is forty-eight miles from Sligo. It is also about four centuries away. Enniskillen is exhilarating. I had seen so much of decay and depression, so much of wrack wrought by the despoiling hand of time and by the destructions of war—ruins, ruins everywhere; ruins of walls, houses, mills, castles, forts, towers, churches, monasteries, abbeys, monuments, bridges,—a civilization in ashes! Beauty bedraggled! Such was Western Ireland; a Samson shorn and blind—ah, the pity of it all! But Enniskillen is not in ashes, backwardness is not her fashion, and her beauty is not faded. There was a style and throb of things I had not seen since leaving Cork,—hence the exhilaration. Ulster, the great Northern province, is Ireland's crown of prosperity.

Like a great blue sash, Lough Erne lies across County Fermanagh from northwest to southeast. Enniskillen is a silver buckle glistening in the folds of the sash, an ornament far famed for its modest beauty. It is

an Irish Interlaken. Some say there is no lovelier spot in the British Isles. The region abounds in places, objects and scenes of peculiar interest. Devenish Island, now in ruins, was for many generations a center of learning and dovotion, St. Molaise having flourished there as far back as the sixth century. At the end of Lower Lough Erne is the town famed throughout many lands for its ceramic creations, the village of Belleek. The Pottery is kept busy trying to supply the demand for the exquisitely delicate and irridescent Beleek china, which was originally made of clay found in the vicinity, is most artistically fashioned into a great variety of forms, and possesses a marvellous lustre.

A hill near the station at Enniskillen has been transformed into a beautiful park, with gracefully winding paths, luxuriant herbage and pretty gardens. At the apex stands a lofty monument in honor of Sir Lowry Cole, a Peninsula hero, and near by a clock tower as a Plunkett memorial. The view of the distant landscape with its nestling lakes is superb. In nature's library it is an *edition de luxe.* It is the most—there comes that superlative again! From the park entrance Townhall

Street curves away toward the river, a street wide and clean, and with an array of shops, hotels, banks and churches not excelled surely in any town of the size of Enniskillen in any country.

Enniskillen men have in the past given full proof of the quality of their soldiership. You may find in the Parish Church standards borne with honor at Waterloo. Their services in the Protestant cause made them feared of the Jacobites. This is the country of heroes. Before it became possessed of the English, Enniskillen was the stronghold of the doughty Macguires, chieftains of Fermanagh. With such associations, and with such natural endowments, Enniskillen cannot fail to interest and to charm the tourist. It is a place in which to be happy. It makes the kind of an impression that one delights to cherish. It invites to rest. It soothes while it inspires. Enniskillen, one cannot forget, is up in Ulster.

XIV. A LOOK AT LONDONDERRY.

Cutting the corners of Tyrone, Donegal and Derry Counties, the Great Northern train sped through a smiling Eden, and for miles along the river Foyle, to Londonderry, one of the most picturesque cities in Ireland. It is not, however, an Irish city. It is Irish neither in appearance, in spirit, nor in method of government. The Honorable Irish Society of London holds the charter, collects ground rents, and determines the officiary. It has been so for nearly 300 years.

The first thing to do at Londonderry is to mount the old city wall, the top of which is now a popular promenade about a mile around. The wall was built in 1609 at a cost of but little over $41,000. It was evidently built to stay, and is apparently as solid now as in the terrible year 1689. That was the year of the most famous siege in English or Irish history, the Siege of Londonderry, although the Roman Catholic historian may refuse to consider it in that light, calling it a "blockade" rather than a "siege." It is so represented in Sullivan's "The Story of Ireland." Greene

calls it a siege turned into a blockade. Call it what you will, the memory of the event hangs about the ancient wall today as a mystic token of that spirit of heroism which has redeemed the grossness of human nature in all lands, and nowhere more triumphantly than on Hibernia's shores.

The most conspicuous object on the wall is the great Doric column, 90 feet high, surmounted by a figure representing the Rev. George Walker, the hero of the siege. There he stands in noble pose, Bible in hand, and pointing a prophetic finger in the direction of Lough Foyle, whence relief finally came. There are a number of guns still planted in the bastions, one of which having done considerable execution, and having made much noise in doing it, is stamped "Roaring Meg." I was very happy to think that Meg's roaring days are over. I patted the smooth metal of the old gun with curious fingers, and then went over to the Cathedral especially to look at the shell that came over the wall during the siege, loaded with conditions of surrender. That shot was wasted. Surrender? Not though famine and pestilence were decimating their numbers, and horse, dog and cat flesh had become their

best food. Surrender? Not while the Rev. George Walker could commune with the Eternal, preach the Word of Life, and keep the spark of hope alive in their breasts. No, they would not surrender, and the siege ran on, and on, and on, for 105 days, and then King William's merchantmen broke the boom in Lough Foyle and brought provisions to the famished city,—provisions and victory! So "No Surrender" is the motto of Londonderry.

There is more to Derry of course than that old wall with its historic gates, bastions, guns and monuments. There are two cathedrals, for instance, several famous colleges, streets reminding one of busy Broadway, mammoth stores with alluring displays of linen and lace, and factories employing thousands of men and women. The city is beautifully situated upon the Foyle, and rises from the river somewhat as Albany rises from the Hudson. Transatlantic steamers carry many passengers to and from this port. It is a commodious harbor lined with spacious quays. Near the Shipquay gate stands, or did stand, the Guildhall, the architectural gem of the city. It was destroyed by fire on the 19th of April, 1908, but when I saw it three months later, the square clock

tower stood forth above the ruins in blackened, yet impressive solitude.

As St. Fin Barre is related to the history of Cork, so is St. Columba related to the history of Londonderry. In the year 546 the pious man instituted his abbey at the "Place of Oaks." Around it spread the settlement and out of the settlement grew the city. It was the age of learning in Ireland. Kings and nobles from every country in Europe hied them hither to sit at the feet of sages. But for tribal animosities, Danish incursions, Norman conquests and Tudor desecrations Ireland might have been known through the centuries as the University of the World rather than as a school for scandal. Every old city in Ireland, like Londonderry, is a pathetic reminder of that glorious destiny to which Erin at one time seemed appointed. The country of the Bleeding Heart, should have been the land of the Crimson Rambler.

XV. PORTRUSH AND THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

Portrush, by an obvious pun, is a port to which thousands rush for their summer pleasures, their vacation outing and sight seeing. It is steadily increasing in popularity. The summer population is a generous mixture of Scotch, English, Irish and American, with a dash of Italian organ grinder and Armenian vendor. Hotels and boarding houses furnish comfortable accommodations at prices that would bankrupt Atlantic City. Store windows present the usual pleasure resort display, and the stores and shops are usually filled with eager purchasers. The main thoroughfares are crowded during the evening with promenaders, and groups of visitors chatting, laughing, singing, skylarking, quite in holiday style. Here was the first scene of hilarity I had witnessed in Ireland. Verily it is good to hear the hearty laugh and the merry song. I had come to feel that the proverbial jollity and good humor of Michael and Bridget was rather proverbial than apparent. The people of the South and West had impressed me as

being serious, solemn and even gloomy—except in the attempt to extract a six pence by some witticism in sale or beggary. The "perennial supply" is surely a myth. At Portrush, however, there was merriment and music to spare. An approach toward rowdyism on the part of some gay young fellows was instantly checked by the watchful constabulary. The current of life was running strong. A dance was in full swing in a large hall. A theatrical performance was being given in an open air theatre down on the strand. A Stentor of righteousness was stationed at a street corner preaching repentance to a crowd of respectful listeners, and reminding them in unequivocal language of the judgment to come. Thousands of people were gathered about an open square in the centre of which was a large band stand. A concert was in progress, and the music was of a most excellent order, as the constant applause indicated.

All the essential features of a popular up-to-date coast resort are to be found at Portrush, and I doubt not that many good folks find health and happiness amid the festivities of the town and in the ocean breezes that sweep the rocky shores.

Not far from the station and in seeming contrast to the holiday gayety stands the solemn obelisk erected to the memory of Dr. Adam Clark, author, preacher, missionary, linguist, commentator, great scholar, an illustrious Irishman well deserving a monument. The expense of the memorial was met by contributions from Methodists and friends in all parts of the world. It stands on a natural elevation, in an enclosure adjoining the Memorial Church, and a short distance back from the sidewalk. The inscription reads:—

In everlasting remembrance of Dr. Adam Clark
Natus, circitur 1760. Obit 1832.

Servant of the Most High, who in preaching the Gospel with great labors and Apostolic grace through more than 50 years, showed to myraids the way of salvation, and by his commentary on the Holy Scriptures and other works of piety and learning yet speaks to the passing generation. Soli Gloria Deo.

Any country in the world might be proud of a man like Dr. Clark. His genius was as broad and unquestioned as that of Edmund Burke or Daniel O'Connell and was consecrated to still nobler ends. The rapturous plaudits of one's

countrymen do not follow the evangelist and the scholar as they do the statesman, the reformer, the orator and the soldier, but judging according to the length of service, the quality of work, the breadth, originality and accuracy of his scholarship, the value of his contributions to the world's religious thought and knowledge, the strong consistency of his character, the mighty uplift that went forth from his life to the lives of others, his daring devotion to the principles of the everlasting kingdom,—who can say that Adam Clark was not the peer in greatness, if not in renown, to his illustrious fellow countrymen and contemporaries Lord Nelson and the Duke of Wellington? The comparison is a bold one, I know, but it was one of the impressions that came as I gazed thoughtfully at that modest granite shaft at Portrush. Many Irishmen have achieved greatness and Dr. Clark was not the least of them.

An electric tramway, the first to be built in the British Isles or elsewhere, runs along the coast from Portrush to the Giant's Causeway, a distance of about eight miles. The ride may be counted as one of the memorable experiences of a lifetime. It lies along the edge of the

rugged cliffs rising high from the sea and affording a distant view across the waters. The white of the chalk exposures forms a charming color scheme with the blues and grays of the water below and the rich green of the verdure above. The incessant waves have chiseled, bored and slashed the cliffs into fantastic outlines, curious caves, tunnels and arches. The elements have there elaborated a wild architecture beyond the reach of all canons of art, mightier in its sweep and grander in execution than that of famed cathedrals of Spain and Italy.

Dunluce Castle crowns a rocky precipice about half way between Portrush and Giant's Causeway. Considering its size, location and general aspect as viewed from a short distance, it is the most astounding castle ruin I have ever seen, not excepting the storied piles of the Rhine. Separated from the mainland by a deep and dangerous gully, the deserted walls linger on the cheerless summit a hundred feet above the pounding sea, towers and parapets forming a sombre silhouette against a sullen sky. During the 16th Century Dunluce was in its glory. That many brilliant and many tragic events connect themselves with those

spacious halls and overhanging chambers, is a safe conjecture amply substantiated in history. The Castle once withstood a siege for nine months. It was finally abandoned, fell into decay, and has not been occupied for over two hundred years. Today it seems a realistic picture adorning an ancient tale of some wonderland of dreams.

"Don't be expecting too much," said a cautious young Scotchman as we approached the Giant's Causeway. My highest expectations were more than realized, however, and I am somewhat at a loss to account for the occasional expressions of disappointment at this astounding miracle of nature. It may be that the pictures of the Causeway are misleading and that the tourist expects to behold a towering mass rising like a mountain toward the clouds, dominating the coast and landscape. Instead, he must go down, far down a rocky path from lofty cliff to low shore before it is possible to view the phenomenon. But there it is, the product of forces transcending the comprehension of mortals, so ancient as to antedate human history, and to remain probably after man with his little burden of hopes and fears shall have passed from the earth.

It is a great group of 40,000 stone pillars, from one to one hundred feet in height, geometrically shaped, pentagons and hexagons prevailing, with tops sometimes concave and sometimes convex—a wonderful formation of basalt, the result of the cooling contracting and cracking of a lava stream. There are a number of large caves in the vicinity of peculiar scenic and geological interest, one of them 450 feet long, which in calm weather may be entered in a boat. The various columns and recesses are given names usually in association with certain objects they are supposed to resemble. A minute description of the whole scene would involve a too lengthy if not quite impossible task.

Having paid my little fee, a blessed privilege conferred upon the public by a benevolent syndicate, I passed through what is known as the Giant's Gate and stood facing the amphitheatre. Here the beetling cliff takes the form of a crescent and imbedded in its curving side is that line of columns known as the Giant's Organ. The wind was making music fortissimo that day and my imagination was quite equal to the crowding of the amphitheatre with music-loving giants, applauding the recital of

a master. I climbed out over the slippery pillars to the water's edge. The gale threatened to carry me into the sea. An occasional dash of rain swept down over the precipice and the moaning of the deep and the fretting of the waves accentuated the weird and awful grandeur of the spectacle. I was not sorry that the wind howled and the rain splashed and the waters boiled for the effect was a magnificent approach to the terrible. It was giant weather at the Giant's Causeway. The scene was like a Shakespearian tragedy or a Veretschagen war painting, both fascinating and startling. Those prudent people who only travel when the sun shines do not know the sweetest secrets of this moody little world.

XVI. ANTRIM, THE STRONGHOLD OF PROTESTANISM.

County Antrim occupies the Northeast corner of the rhomboidal island, and is the stronghold of Protestantism and prosperity. There Protestants outnumber Catholics three to one. There homes are happy, farms are large, fields are grain laden, cities are clean, factories are busy, schools are plentiful, churches are popular, and the people intelligent, industrious and contented. The journey to Belfast across the full length of this favored country gives abundant evidence of these pleasing conditions. The American traveler is expected to be profoundly interested in the announcement that this is the ancestral home of the McKinley's. William McKinley, President, was the son of William who was the son of James who was the son of David, whose father emigrated from the village of Conagher in the year 1743. From the father of David to the second William was a period long enough to work a most perfect Americanization, yet I remember having heard a supposedly intelligent and well-to-do American citizen declare,

during McKinley's first Presidential campaign, that he would never vote for "that Irishman." Bigotry and prejudice are not confined to any one country but lurks beneath all flags.

The town of Antrim is situated about 21 miles from Belfast, on the little river known as Six Mile Water near its junction with Lough Neagh, the largest lake in the British Isles. Near Antrim is the best preserved of all the old Round Towers of Ireland. It is 92 feet high, 50 feet around at the base, and has a conical top. It stands now within the enclosure of a most beautiful estate, the entrance to which is an embowered roadway thickly fringed with laurel, rhododendron and ivy. My jarvey, a bright lad of fifteen, and by all means the most satisfactory one I had met in my travels, waited at the gate explaining that he was not allowed to drive in. Thus it happened that I stood alone in the honored presence. Solitude has its compensations, and companionship has its distractions. Erect upon the greensward like a gray-cowled friar, tall, solemn, silent, solitary, the tower is an interesting object to behold. It is one of the oldest of the 70 such edifices now to be found in Ireland, and must therefore date back to

the 9th Century. There is an opening in the side toward the north about ten feet from the ground, through which it is believed an entrance was wont to be made by means of a ladder. Speculations, wide and wild some of them, have been advanced from time to time to account for the origin of these peculiar structures. It is romantic indeed to consider them the rude expressions of ancient Persian or Egyptian superstitions, to connect them with Oriental symbolism or with Buddhistic or Druidic ceremonialism, or to view them as deserted temples of science, the relics of an astronomical age, but it is much easier to fancy the members of a Christian ecclesiastical community scurrying up the ladder and pulling the ladder in after them at the approach of a band of Norse marauders. That they would have been comparatively safe in such a place and that they occasionally needed such protection is no conjecture; and the same building would have served admirably as a bell, signal and watch tower. They were thus used probably for several centuries.

In Act II. of Bernard Shaw's "John Bull's Other Island" occurs this dialogue:—

Father Dempsey. D'ye see the top o' the

Roun' Tower there? That's an antiquity worth lookin' at.

Broadbent (deeply interested). Have you any theory as to what the Round Towers were for?

Father Dempsey (a little offended). A theory? Me! (Theories are connected in his mind with the late Professor Tyndall and with scientific scepticism generally; also, perhaps, with the view that the Round Towers are phallic symbols).

Cornelius (remonstrating). Father Dempsey is the priest of the parish, Mr. Broadbent. What would he be doing with a theory?

Father Dempsey (with gentle emphasis). I have a knowledge of what the Roun' Towers were, if that's what you mean. They are the forefingers *of the early Church, pointing us all to God.''*

Verily knowledge is better than theory, and Father Dempsey's explanation is good enough for the most of us.

It may be seen from the map that Lough Neagh is an extensive body of water touching the shores of five counties, is saddle shaped on two sides, is fed by ten streams and throws its full flood northward to the Atlantic by way

of the River Bann. It has an area of 153 square miles and its greatest depth is slightly over 100 feet. It is unusually free of islands and its shores are low and marshy. It is therefore scenically scant of those features that appeal most eloquently to the lover of variety, but it is duly celebrated in story, and like everything Irish is entwined in folk lore and legend. I had a gladsome spin with my little jarvey through the cozy village and out to the lake shore, but I failed, of course, to see what Moore's fisherman saw:—

"Round Towers of other days
In the waves beneath him shining."

XVII. THE FORD AT THE SAND-BANK.

Belfast! I have long fancied that word, and have considered the city fortunate to possess such a name. It is both robust and vibrant suggesting the piccolo and the violin, as well as cymbals and the drum. It blends two ancient words, the one meaning ford and the other sand-bank. Its etymology no longer fits conditions at the mouth of the Lagan, where sand-banks have given place to long quays, large docks, strong bridges, and the deep Victoria Channel running far out into Belfast Lough.

Three hundred years ago Sir Arthur Chichester brought over his Devonshire colonists to plant the foundations of what is now the most thriving city in Ireland. He probably found little of value when he arrived, for the demons of conflict had been rioting there for centuries, during which time communities were established but to be ravaged and castles were built but to be destroyed. In recent years peace has been doing her more perfect work, and now Belfast is a populous city, beautiful and busy. To realize how busy a place it is, one has but to consider a list of its leading

industries. The whole world knows of the primacy of Belfast in the manufacture of linen. Broad fields of waving flax are to be seen everywhere in the farming districts of Ulster, and it is a matter of unfailing interest to observe their luxuriance and then to think of the process of cutting, treating, spinning, weaving, bleaching, etc., until those bending blades of fibre have been transformed by the legerdemain of our wonderful modern industrial and commercial machinery and methods into soft and snowy articles for the wardrobes of great lords and fine ladies. The business represents a value of about sixty million dollars a year, and Belfast is the trade centre. Long strips of bleaching linen stretched out on the clean grass are observed as the train nears the metropolis. Miles of the material is thus exposed and one naturally drops into the mood of fanciful conjecturing, for instance, as to the number of times it could all be wrapped around the earth, or how many billions of pocket handkerchiefs could be made from the lot. Of course there are hundreds of mills and factories in and near Belfast devoted to the various processes involved in this vast industry.

Many other lines of manufacturing are also

conspicuously represented. The great shipyards ring with the music of many hammers and blaze with the light of many forges as the monster turbines are fashioned for the conquest of the seas. Ten thousand men are employed in the Harland and Wolff yards, and Workman and Clarke carry a force of three thousand.

Belfast can also boast of the largest rope factory in the British Isles. Then there are large tobacco factories, iron foundries, distilleries, breweries, tanneries, saw mills, flour mills, and scores of other establishments turning out such diversified products as agricultural implements, matches, ginger ale, bacon and fertilizing compounds. All of this necessitates a forest of chimneys, miles of bare brick walls, volumes of curling smoke, odors well assorted and distributed, and the usual disadvantages of such employments. Yet Belfast is as fairly entitled to distinction for beauty as for business. I had gathered from frequent conversations that all Irishmen are proud of Belfast. I heard its praises sounded at Killarney, Limerick and Sligo. It is justly the metropolis of the north and the boast of the whole island.

In the centre of Donegall Square stands the new City Hall. I wonder if there is a handsomer one in the Kingdom? I wonder if there is a better one on the Continent or in the United States in any city of less than four hundred thousand inhabitants? For comparison in population we may think of San Francisco, Cincinnati and Pittsburg, all of which are smaller, and of Buffalo and Cleveland, both of which are larger. Belfast stands number sixty in the list of big cities. Its City Hall I am quite sure will bear the test of any fair comparison. It is built in quadrangular form on five acres of ground. The material is Portland stone richly carved. There are corner towers 120 feet high and a great central dome, somewhat resembling that of our nation's Capitol, 175 feet high. The style is Classical Renaissance. Gardens, artistically landscaped, containing a variety of rare and beautiful plants and flowers, and appropriate statuary, frame the architectural picture. The cost of grounds and buildings was almost $1,500,000.

To correct the notion that Ireland is but the abode of wretchedness, the home of ignorance and poverty, the mistaken one should board

a tram and ride through some of those beautiful Belfast avenues. For example he may start at the Albert Memorial, a Venetian Gothic clock tower 143 feet high, and ride along High Street, Castle Place and Donegall Place to the City Hall, continuing through Donegall Square, Wellington Place, passing what is claimed to be the most complete Young Men's Christian Association Institute in the world, to College Square where the Cooke monument will be an object of interest; thence out along Great Victoria Street to the Queen's, Presbyterian and Methodist Colleges, and the Botanical Gardens. The ride will cost but a penny or two and the passenger will have seen more evidences of wealth and culture than can be seen for a larger fare in the majority of our American cities. Those colleges and museums mean that the old love of learning still exists. Those monuments and parks indicate the strength of civic pride, and those beautiful churches show that Christ's Holy Religion is still as it has been for centuries a dominant factor in Irish affairs. Should such a ride or walk be taken on Sunday morning no store will be seen open, no saloon will be doing business.

In Belfast Sabbath laws are actually respected. The saloons are allowed to open, however, at 2 p. m. and are at once filled with zealous members of the Grand Army of Imbibers. I watched the mobilizing process for a few minutes and was astonished at the alacrity and precision displayed. No order was given, but men seemed to spring up from the sidewalks as if by magic and to converge on the bar rooms as if by machinery. It was 2 p. m. in Belfast, on Sunday.

XVIII. THE HOLY HILLS OF ARMAGH.

There may be more pleasing combinations of colors than green, white and red, even though we find them in some national banners such as the flags of Italy, Bulgaria and Mexico. But when the green is in the rich field, and the white is the bleaching linen, and the red is the brick wall of the factory where hundreds earn their daily bread, they appeal to both sense and sentiment. So it is again from Belfast to Portadown, the latter a prosperous growing community ten thousand strong, about twenty-five miles from the metropolis and ten miles from Armagh.

Armagh had seemed to me rather like a period in Church History than a place on the map. The name has a far-away sound and is o'ergrown with ecclesiastical associations. Seizing the excuse for another jaunting car ride I engaged my jarvey, a husky young fellow, broad shouldered and full cheeked, the traditional "broth of a boy" I suppose, but lacking absolutely the traditional sense of humor. He was about as serious a proposition as was ever proposed; or was it humor

beyond my comprehension? At any rate, my quest for a genuine Irish joke was fruitless. But the ride! O, that was grand. The road was as hard as a miser's heart and as smooth as ivory. Ivy-grown walls, hawthorn hedges, leafy oaks, gently curving hills bedecked with green of thick grass and gold of grain, pretty cottages, nestling villages, sauntering lads and lasses, and red jacketed gallants from the garrison,—rural peace, evening quiet, and vernal beauty everywhere!

I found Armagh to be a quaint old town, with helter-skelter streets at steep grades and sharp angles, yet with a grave aspect of ancient dignity. As everybody is supposed to know, Armagh is the head See of both the Church of Ireland and the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland. As the home of two Primates, one of them a Cardinal, it is highly favored spot in the eyes of Churchmen today. Cardinal Logue's recent visit to the United States was a widely advertised event and resulted in enhancing his reputation as a genial gentleman and popular leader. The presence of such a man would be a valuable asset to any community and Armagh is happy in him. But Armagh is more especially blessed in the

memory of the labors there of the greatest personality in all Irish history. He was manhood at flood tide, zeal at fever heat. The world has seldom known a better man, and such men belong not to one country but to the world. Irishmen do well to honor him, others do not well in leaving him unhonored. He had the fibre and faith of St. Paul and St. Peter, and his name is worthy of association with that illustrious list in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, the "Westminster Abbey of the New Testament." His was the high potentiality of courage consecrated. He was pure, gentle, strong, ambitious, learned, eloquent, relentless, purposeful, resourceful, indefatigable, bold, brilliant, diplomatic, full souled, heavenly minded, inspired,—and he captured Ireland for Christ.

St. Patrick arrived in Ireland in 432. Temperamentally reverential, the natives were stirred by the fervid proclamations of God's love and the Savior's sacrifice and abandoned their Druid altars for the way of the Cross. The career of this God-appointed man as told in varied versions stirs the blood, and storms the batteries of indifference and selfishness. I revere him not as the patron saint of Ireland for the patronage of saints is problematical,

but as the foremost missionary since the martyrdom of Paul.

An Irish chieftain gave evidence of the sincerity of his conversion by presenting to the holy man a wide circling green clad hill in the very heart of his kingdom, upon which to establish a place of worship. There today, the true lineal descendant of the original, stands the old Cathedral of Armagh. It has never been considered an architectural rival of Lincoln or Canterbury, but among all the churches of the British Isles this ancient sanctuary bears unique and positive distinction. It is cruciform in shape, and has a massive tower 110 feet high, from which the steeple has been removed. The iron gate of the close was locked when I arrived before it, but a few inquiries disclosed the abode of the care-taker, whom I humbly importuned for the privilege of admission. He opened the gate with a heavy key and a heavier grunt. He answered all questions in grunts. He grunted his way along the smooth path to the west door of the church, opened the door and painfully sank into a chair like a man with the rheumatism. All questions were answered in monosyllabic grunts. He was a paragon of

Irish civility uncivilized. Alas, again, for those fond ideals of a national suavity, for those bubbling springs of good nature that refuse to bubble. I was free, however, to roam about nave, aisles, transepts, and choir, to note the pointed arches, moulded columns, perpendicular windows, memorials, standards, and effigies of illustrious primates. There is no silence like the silence of the sanctuary. It seems to be the very essence of sanctity, the inner soul of which carved stone and stained glass is the corporeal habiliment. Such silences are more eloquent than sermons. Before them irreverence cows abashed and ashamed. They are inarticulated appeals from the vast infinitudes of Truth. In the venerable Cathedral on old Rath-daire tender messages are delivered without aid of preacher, choir or organ. Go thou and listen.

The new cathedral over which Cardinal Logue presides is also lifted up on high and may be seen from a great distance. The approach is a long flight of steps made of white limestone. The affect is like a Doré illustration of the Apocalypse. One may even fancy the hovering angels in cloud draperies encircling the twin spires. "Ara Coeli" the

situation is appropriately called. I ascended the terraced steps and stood for a while admiring the graceful spires with their surmounting crosses 210 feet above me. Entering the Cathedral I was at once impressed with the richness of the interior and the profuseness of its mosaics. From floor to ceiling were mosaic portrayals of Biblical scenes, with martyrs and Irish saints in mural multitudes. In the pulpit ornamentation St. Patrick and St. Bridget keep company with the evangelists. The marble altar is of imposing proportions and exquisite workmanship. Behind it is a marvelous marble screen 30 feet wide, 36 feet high upon which is a vivid Crucifixion scene. A beautiful, costly, imposing edifice is the Roman Catholic Cathedral of Armagh. It was commenced in 1840, and was consecrated in 1904 with elaborate ceremonies. In the glitter of its marble, in all the shining glory of its newness it shadows forth the unfading charm of that religion brought to Erin a millennium and a half ago by a Gallic zealot.

Armagh has a parable in its two cathedrals, both commanding supreme positions, the one venerable with an honorable old age, the other mighty in a fresh strength—a parable of

the persistency of truth however opposed or dimly understood, a parable of the rejuvenescence of Christ's Kingdom, a parable of the Kingdom's sure destiny to occupy all the hills and to flood all the valleys with the light of its peace.

"O king, there is indeed a flame lighted on yonder hill which if it be not put out tonight will never be quenched in Erin"—memorable words recorded of the Druid priest as he watched the gleam of the Paschal fire kindled by St. Patrick and his little band of missionaries on the Hill of Slane. On Tara Hill a great pagan festival was in progress. It is an oft told story, yet well worth repeating, of the summoning of the Christians to appear before the king, and of St. Patrick's bravery and success in proclaiming his propaganda, making converts on the spot, and then the long long years of his toils and travels, and reputed miracles, until on a certain 17th of March he was summoned to appear before the King Eternal. It is a story that grows vivid in the atmosphere of Armagh.

I have seen the rainbow in the high heavens, I have seen it hanging over Niagara's gorge, I have seen it in the dashing spray of the break-

ing wave. I shall not say where the colors were brightest, but everywhere the law of refraction is the same and where the rainbow is there light must be. Superstition has done its meanest work with the memory of St. Patrick, but amid the associations of Armagh the splendor of the clear light of reality is upon it and lo, the curled colors of a refulgent life. The works of Patricius do follow him. Robert Louis Stevenson was known as a "lover of lovely words." Lovely deeds are lovelier. In this mood of appreciation one might linger long at this little town of the holy hills, and find comfort to his soul.

Mention could be made too of the library, a most excellent one with over 20,000 volumes and many ancient documents of value; the observatory, the seminary, the convent, for Armagh is no mean city in the number of its academic advantages. The jarvey was particular to point out the palace of the Archbishop, an elegant residence indeed with extensive and beautiful grounds without, handsome furnishings and rare paintings within. A selfish man might envy the Bishop his home and his honors.

Two miles distant is ancient Emania, where

for centuries before the dawn of the Christian era Ulster kings held court, and which was originally established by the good queen from whom Armagh takes its high sounding name.

Many other places and things there are in this locality of uncommon interest, but it was not for me to dwell among their charms. The further the date of my visit to Armagh recedes, the greater the joy of the memory of it—a good test of values.

XIX. WHERE WINDS THE BOYNE.

Drogheda, on the Boyne four miles from the sea, thirty-two miles from Dublin, two and a half times as far from Belfast, has a name highly distinguished in Irish History, is commercially important, and is an interesting place to visit. Several parliaments have been held there. There Cromwell butchered his enemies in the name of the Lord. At the beginning of this story allusion was made to Richard II, who declared, in Shakespearian paraphrase, "We will make for Ireland presently;" It was even there at Drogheda that the proud monarch received the submission of Irish chiefs. Long before that the alert Normans built a strong bridge over the Boyne at that strategic point, and in ante-Norman days the Danes were strongly intrenched in the town. One has a right to expect antiquities at Drogheda. They are there, old walls, historic gates, abbey ruins, et cetera. But Drogheda is no funeral urn. There are great viaducts, noble bridges, a busy harbor with well laden ships slipping to and fro in the ceaseless shuttle of commerce.

Those Americans who plan to go from Dublin to Belfast at a jump, thinking there is nothing between, may be helpless victims of the nation's jumping habit, else it is clear that their judgment has jumped the track of reason. Yet, with apologies, it was not for Drogheda's sake primarily that I had included the city in my itinerary. Drogheda is the starting point for one of the most interesting and inspiring day trips, I verily believe, in all the world. I am sure it is so to those who admire natural scenery characterized by an appealing richness rather than by awful grandeur, who feel the heart throb of the soil once wet with the blood of heroes, and who appreciate antiquities that make the most ancient memorials of our land seem modern by comparison—and this not in the misty Orient but in the little green island that helps John Bull bear the budget of his mighty empire.

The River Boyne is not remarkable among rivers for width, depth, volume or length, but it is a pretty stream running through a fertile valley. It is about seventy miles long, and in its crystal current the lively salmon flashes and splashes, often jumping clear out of the water. Queer, skin covered, oval shaped boats or

coracles of the most primitive fashion are still to be seen. Practically the whole course of the river abounds in mythological, legendary and historic associations. The very name of the stream commemorates the tragic death of a princess, beautiful of course, who was drowned in its waters nobody knows how long ago. They called her Boinne.

There were three passengers on the coach besides myself on that memorable day—a serious looking Dublin gentleman in knickerbockers, accompanied by two elderly but active ladies intent on seeing everything. The courier was a stolid red faced individual, who took frequent naps and who possessed a considerable store of misinformation. This he dispensed rather sparingly in brief responses to our more or less intelligent questions. Ireland is not a land of sight-seeing automobiles and megaphone lecturers, else we might have learned more things that were not so. We alighted first near the Obelisk which commemorates the valor of General Schomberg at the famous Battle of the Boyne. It stands on the north bank of the river and not far from the scene of the General's death. To young Ireland the Battle of the Boyne is as familiar as

is Gettysburg to young America. It was fought in 1690 and settled the fate of James II. James himself was present during the battle as was also his opponent William of Orange. As I stood upon the little bridge facing down stream in the direction of Drogheda, I tried to fancy the events of that awful day. Upon my right was the leafy crest of Donore where James and his army awaited the combat. Before me was the stream whose shallows were forded and whose waters were crimsoned during the struggle. On my left was Tullyallen Hill where William was encamped, and the glen through which the exciting charge was made. O'er such scenes do artists dream. On both sides emerald hills, the river a silver ribbon between. In that vale of beauty, and in the golden light of a glorious July day, was fought the Battle of the Boyne. The hills smoked and flamed in the fury of conflict, the earth trembled beneath the roar of artillery and the rush of cavalry; the river swished and boiled beneath the splashing feet of the fighters, and the cheers of the valiant and the groans of the fallen rent the air. With William were disciplined forces—French, Dutch, Irish, English. Calimotte the com-

mander of the Huguenots fell. Schomberg, an aged white-haired veteran, in a gallant dash went down beneath sabre and bullet. Terrible terrible are the incidents of war, yet glorious its reward. James, outnumbered, and never renowned for courageous leadership, suddenly departed for Dublin greatly to the disgust of his Irish officers. The Prince of Orange was the hero and victor of the day, and a Protestant Dutchman retained the throne of England against his Catholic adversary. At the scene of the famous battle all is now serene and lovely, charming to eye, restful to mind, grateful to soul, and the wonder and regret is that it was once desecrated by the foul fiends of carnage and strife.

Not to enter over much into detail, the most distinct and pleasurable impressions of that Boyne Valley ride were made by the picturesque ruins of Monasterboice and Mellifont Abbey, the tumuli of Dowth and Newgrange, the boyhood home of John Boyle O'Reilly, the thick foliage and arborial paths in the grounds of Mr. B. R. I. Balfour, through which we were privileged to pass and where we met a plain looking little woman declared by our knowing guide to be Lady Balfour, and by the distant

profiles of the historic hills of Slane and Tara. At Monasterboice I climbed the steps in the old Round Tower, which is about 110 feet high and broken at the top. It has stood there for a thousand years and more, and its hoary walls will stand for a thousand years to come. Then there was time for a stroll in the old cemetery where are three famous old Celtic crosses, one of which was broken by Cromwell, perhaps. The other two are the best examples in Ireland. They are 27 and 15 feet high respectively. One is called the High Cross, the other Muiredach's Cross. The guide in a moment of sweet confidence informed us that these crosses were six thousand years old. An astounding bit of archaeology which found immediate entry in the note book of one of the afore mentioned elderly ladies. The crosses were handsomely carved with Biblical and mythological scenes, now so worn as to be hardly decipherable. The Crucifixion, the Last Judgment, the Adoration of the Wise Men, Cain and Abel, Adam and Eve are among the familiar portrayals. Many generations have come and gone since the days of the munificent Muiredach. The storms of ten centuries have swirled around his cross, yet green grows the

grass around its base, birds circle and sing above it, and before it men may learn something of the art and faith of the Irishman of earlier days, and behold how he loved his Lord, his land and his soul.

Mellifont Abbey is also a sweet morsel to the antiquarian. It was the first Cistercian Monastery established in Ireland, and was for several centuries one of the largest, richest and most important religious centres in the country. It was beautifully situated on the bank of the River Mattock, and was especially favored of the English kings before the monasteries were dissolved. I was especially attracted to the old tower known as the gate house, with its massive walls and three arches rising one above the other. It guards the approach to the other ruins as though determined to maintain its dignity though robbed of the honors and emoluments of office. Just beyond are the meagre remains of the church and abbey buildings. In the Chapter House are collected sections of carved stone work and pieces of tile excavated from the ruins. A portion of the old tile floor has been pieced together so that a fairly good idea of its pattern may be obtained. This Chapter House

must have been an exquisite building when new, with its grouped columns, carved capitals, graceful arches, splendid tracery, rich windows and groined roof. The octagonal Baptistry is sufficiently preserved to give just a faint suggestion of the original. Mellifont, still true to its suggestive name, is a fountain of sweet surmisings as to the joys and triumphs of those who laid its foundations, built and beautified its walls, taught, studied, preached and worshipped in its sacred halls, sent forth streams of comfort and evangelism into many lands, and now, walking not amid sad ruins but in the Eternal City of God, look upon everlasting temples and with the serene steppings of the glorified march ever upward upon streets of gold. Mellifont lies low in the dust but still rings with the music of the unconquerable.

Close by the ruins I found a cleanly cottage wherein it became my privilege to be served with luncheon. There were fried eggs with hearts of gold, marmalade, bread, butter and tea. It was a feast for kings. Tea tastes better in Ireland, I imagine, than anywhere else in the world. A pot of tea, a loaf of bread and a dish of marmalade — more than once or twice did I sit down to a table

thus provided and found a satisfaction often missed at an eight course dinner. And when the loaf is accompanied by two or three other loaves, each of a different kind, and when the knife is sharp and the consumer cuts his own slice, and when the marmalade is abundant or gives place to strawberry jam, and the teapot holds three or four cups of Lipton's best, and a man has a traveler's appetite and an honest digestion, why then, I say, who cares to think of filet of sole or of capon, of flavored ices, or of choice cheeses long of name and strong of flavor? The little meal at Mellifont was served by a kindly woman assisted by a young girl as modest in manner as she was pretty of face. The good woman of the house engaged freely in conversation and afterwards accompanied me about among the ruins of the abbey, taking me into the Chapter House and explaining point after point as we passed along. Before we parted the conversation reverted to herself, and she told me of some of the hardships of her life and of the bereavements she had suffered and of the struggle, the bitter, long struggle against poverty. It was no suppliant's plea for alms, but an honest tale of honest trouble. There is

a fraternity of sorrow and this poor woman knew its password and wore its badge. Ah, but she was hopeful too, and responded to the little word of sympathy, and while we talked not of creeds, our theologies agreed in the certitude of God's infinite love, and in the grasp of the glory bye and bye to be revealed. It is one of the tender memories of my Irish journey, that troubled soul with tear dimmed eyes confiding her woes to a stranger. We bade each other farewell over there among the crumbled stones of old Mellifont, with mutual assurances of a faith that looks far beyond all earthly care to that bright home where dwells the everlasting Father of us all.

The thought of actually invading the sepulchres of those doughty kings of Tara who ruled in Ireland long before the advent of St. Patrick had provoked anticipations of the unusual and the uncanny. These anticipations were fully realized at the tumulus of Dowth, and a little later at that of Newgrange. The tombs belong evidently to a very ancient and extensive royal cemetery as a score of them have been discovered and explored. We were enjoying the charms of the rich landscape when the coach came to an unexpected stop.

We alighted and climbed over a stile into the field, an ordinary pasture lot apparently, bulging into a conical hill. Here we were met by a young girl who gave us each a candle and conducted us along by the edge of the field to an opening in the ground, walled with stone and provided with an iron ladder. It was like going down into an old well. Not being accustomed to old wells and tombs, and having no special fondness for dampness and darkness, I cannot honestly say that I enjoyed the sensation with any large degree of enjoyment, no more than one can be expected to find actual pleasure in the Catacombs or in those horrible burial vaults beneath the Church of the Capuchins at Rome, though impelled by curiosity and interest to visit them. We edged our way along a narrow passage formed by immense stones, great boulders they are, long and narrow and set on end, and supporting the rough flat stones forming the roof of the passage. Thence we came to an almost circular chamber about nine feet in diameter, and eleven feet high, and having recesses on three sides. The stones forming the sides and roof of this chamber are singularly marked with lines, angles, spirals and circles, the meaning of

which is not now known. There are other passages and cells in that unromantic mound whose history if known would reveal many a romance. The dim candle light flings distorted shadows about and the blackness of niche and recess makes more spectral the illumined rock pillars. Emerging from the gloom I concluded that Heaven is sunshine and ozone.

Larger and yet more interesting is the tumulus of Newgrange. In this case the entrance is made directly into the side of the hill and through a long, narrow and wet passageway that makes the performance impossible to any but the young, the slim, and the daring. My companions remained outside. A slip of a girl, whose duty it is evidently to guard the entrance and furnish candles, acted as my guide, and we squeezed in between the damp columns and along the slimy earth to the vaulted central chamber. The plan is similar but the formation more regular and the inscriptions more plentiful than at Dowth. The roof is about twenty feet high, and in each of the recesses is a hollowed sacrificial stone. Again the weird shadows and the silence. Again the mysterious markings, the rugged, aged rocks holding back the tremendous weight

above them. O, the terror, and the joy of their strength! The world outside seemed so far far away; and the ancient times so very, very near and real; and centuries so short, the pomp and pride of kings so empty, their thrones so transitory, the big boasting of mortals so ludicrous, the tomb so inevitable; the destinies of races, nations, families and men so inscrutable, earth so cruel and so kind, history so full of gloom and glory—such a rushing and tumbling of thoughts at Newgrange! It is a strangely fascinating spot. An ordinary wooded hill as seen from the road, yet it held in its embrace that most precious yet most valueless of things—the dust of princes; also many objects of artistic and monetary worth to gratify the vanity of the reigning family, and later to excite the savage cupidity of the ravaging Danes. So the tomb was honored, then rifled, then forgotten, then discovered, and is today one of the most remarkable antiquities in the world. To have penetrated that mass of rock, to have stood for a few minutes in that dark sepulchral chamber is to have formed an indissoluble comradeship with antiquity.

XX. DOING DUBLIN.

Ireland may be roughly pictured as an open fan with Dublin as its pivot. That the pivot points toward England is a fact of tremendous significance. Centuries ago a long arm was stretched across the Irish Sea and an iron hand gripped the fan with fingers that know not how to relax. However benevolent or malevolent the purpose may have been, the results constitute a series of incidents unparalleled for human interest and dramatic surprises in all the world's history. If it be true that the spirits of mortals linger in the earth's atmosphere for millions of years after death, conscious always of the cumulative influence of their deeds when in the flesh, then of all spirits most miserable must be that of Dermot M'Murrogh. Crafty, perfidious, evil, traitorous, resentful, selfish, quarrelsome, ambitious, bitter, yet bold and brainy withal was M'Murrogh, the awful Irishman who led that crowd of Anglo-Norman knights and freebooters to the invasion of his own country to avenge his wrongs by wronging the twenty generations of Irishmen that have lived since his day. The

gallant rascal, so the story goes, once persuaded the beautiful Devorgilla to elope with him, the crime being accentuated by the fact that Devorgilla was the wife of O'Ruarc, a rival prince. Well, it is a long story with the complications of a Corellian romance, encompassing the return of the beautiful one and her consecration to a life of self-abnegation and wonderful works of charity and philanthropy, and dealing with the defeat of M'Murrogh after a long struggle, and explaining why he left Ireland with terrible vengeance in his soul and returned, to the great discomfiture of his enemies and the ultimate ruin of his country. Compared to him, Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr were mere tyros in the arts of treachery.

It was in the year 1168 and at the time of year when the arbutus and the rhododendron were about to blaze forth in their annual resurrection glory, that the first detachment of M'Murrogh's foreign accomplices made a landing on the Wexford coast. Others followed, and shortly we read of Dermot M'Murrogh claiming not only his former kingship of Leinster but the sovereignty of all Ireland. Modest man! But soon came the valiant Maurice Fitzgerald and the adventurous Fitz-

stephen and Stronglow. Then ensued the fall of Waterford, the march on Dublin, the ruthless slaughter of inhabitants, and Dublin was in the hands of the descendants of William the Conqueror. That was in 1171. The king of England crossed the channel in October of the same year, with his bewildering armada of four hundred ships, his illustrious knights and trained soldiers, and the glittering pomp of a rich and powerful monarch. Henry established his court and palace at Dublin. Dublin became the centre and stronghold of the English influence in Ireland, and Dublin, though not the largest nor the most beautiful, is today the most interesting and impressive city of the country. These outstanding facts of history seem to be luminous with a new significance as one walks the streets of the great metropolis, and Dublin is intelligible only when studied in their light. The Shakespeare biography has been humorously characterized as an "Eiffel Tower of artificiality" made up of so many guesses and perhapses and may-have-beens. Dublin, on the contrary, has a history as solid as the pyramids and it may be read in its stones, castles, bridges, monuments, museums, cathedrals, and churches. It is a gray

old town, yet with its parks and many places of amusement is the gayest of all Irish cities. It has its quota of criminals, of course, and the observer of night scenes upon the street will notice with disgust evidences of immorality to be witnessed in no other community in Ireland.

Dublin is divided into two parts by the River Liffey. Some noble bridges span the river. The heart of the city is in the vicinity of the famous O'Connell Bridge. The structure is itself an object of admiration, seeming to be a continuation of Sackville Street, 154 feet wide, and brilliantly lighted with three rows of lamps. It offers an incomparable view of the river walls and docks, and within sight of it are some of the most renowned avenues and buildings of the city. No matter where I went I naturally and inevitably returned to the O'Connell Bridge, and from it I could go directly to any desired point. It is the kind of a place that a stranger soon learns to love, for verily an unfamiliar city is a mighty mystery, a labyrinth with no golden cord to help one through the maze, a jigsaw puzzle not quickly put together. The Arc de Triomphe of Paris, Westminister of London, St. Mark's of Venice at once offer

proprietary rights to the stranger within the city gates, and the reciprocal sense of ownership is his temporary salvation. Of such a kind is the quick affection for O'Connell's Bridge, Dublin.

Northward, or nearly so, runs the broadest and best thoroughfare of the city, Sackville Street, with Nelson's Monument and the Post Office but three squares distant. From that monument the tramway routes radiate to all parts of the city, and Dublin is the best "tramwayed" city in the world. In the opposite direction lies Westmoreland Street with the Bank of Ireland and Trinity College within sight. Westward from College Green runs Dame Street, leading to the Castle and the City Hall; while continuing southward is Grafton Street, where it is claimed that more business is done to the square inch than in any street in the Kingdom, and through which is reached St. Stephen's Green, which in turn is but a square distant from the National Museum and the National Library.

The places thus quickly mentioned are of sufficient importance and interest to occupy many days of sight-seeing and would furnish many memorable impressions were Dublin con-

fined to these limits. My own rapid investigations were carried on by the constant use of tramways, with a day's assistance of the coach and courier from the ubiquitous Cook's. It was on that particular day that I visited St. Patrick's, an ancient and honorable institution sharing cathedral honors with the more ancient Christ church. St. Patrick's is the better known, however, because it once had a brilliant lunatic for its Dean. Jonathan Swift was not very long on piety, nor was he short on satire and he shot his shafts at such shining marks that he achieved a dazzling reputation among the literateurs and lampooners of his country. Fame has marked him as one of the biggest and brainiest of Irishmen with the twists and kinks of a crazy man. He lies buried beneath the floor of the cathedral by the side of the saintly "Stella," whom he so highly exalted and yet so cruelly wronged. The little bit of brass that marks their resting place excites more general interest than anything else in the cathedral. Yet St. Patrick's is Ireland's Westminster. It has monuments and memorials galore, celebrating the virtuous and the valorous. Sir Benjamin Guinness, the brewer,

is fixed in bronze and thus durably established occupies a seat of honor just outside, between the south door and transept. Enormous gifts were made to the cathedral by Mr. Guinness, while Mr. Roe, the distiller, was the chief modern benefactor of Christ church. There is a passage of Scripture admonishing us to try the spirits. It is well done in Dublin.

There is now an overwhelming rush of recollections as I think of that gray old town on the Liffey. The Castle has a share of gloominess as befits the seat of government for quite seven centuries. There is nothing imposing in its appearance, but its gates, courts, towers, halls and State apartments are suggestive of a romantic history, while the administrative offices, police headquarters and armory suggest the mechanics of government. The Castle was originally a fortress flanked by four towers, one of which is still to be recognized in the Record Tower. The chapel, built in 1814, is a Gothic building of Irish limestone rather curiously decorated with busts of the Virgin Mary, Brian Boru, St. Patrick, St. Peter, Dean Swift, and the heads of the English kings. Visitors are courteously shown about the Castle, and of course no one would

think of omitting it from the itinerary. I was especially interested in the portraits of the Viceroys, a long procession of them with Lord Cornwallis at the head of the column.

Next in this roll of recollections I see a noble Round Tower; not an ancient one in ruins, but modern, entire, graceful. It stands in a circular plot in the Prospect Cemetery at Glasnevin, and beneath it are the remains of Daniel O'Connell. Glasnevin is a Dublin suburb. Well does that monument speak of the illustrious dead beneath. A lofty minded man and a well rounded man was he. O'Connell an American would have graced the Senate. O'Connell, a German, might have been Chancellor. O'Connell, a Protestant Englishman, would not have been unequal to the demands of the Premiership. But O'Connell was a Catholic Irishman loyal to church and to country, Member of Parliament, able advocate, gifted orator, one of the manliest of men, one of the fairest of fighters. "The Uncrowned Monarch" they admiringly called him, and "Father of his Country," for to his broad genius and unquenchable zeal is due the emancipation of Catholics in Ireland. To all who love liberty for liberty's sake O'Connell's grave is Mecca.

Another Irishman of great fame is buried in a similar plot but a short distance away, a plot still awaiting its monumental shaft. Feelings of regret and pity are aroused at that grave. Alas for the near successes that have culimated in woful failure and shame! It is the grave of Charles Stewart Parnell. He had his share of anxiety and agony. By dint of devotion and ability he rose to prominence and supremacy, a leader great in the confidence of the people and in the consciousness of the justice of his cause. With his endorsement and under his presidency the Land League of thirty years ago assumed giant proportions. His visit to America and his appeal for aid brought over three hundred thousand dollars to the work. He suffered imprisonment for a time and thus won the halo of heroism. He was the most capable leader, probably, the Irish party in the House of Commons has ever had. Then scandal did its dreadful work, and Parnell died in defeat and disgrace. Let us write it as an axiom, that to be politically great, one must be personally good. The tree rotten at the core may preserve for a time its strength of branch and beauty of leaf but its doom is written. How terrible the devasta-

tions of the white ants of Africa as described by Henry Drummond! He tells us that "one may never see the insect; but his ravages confront one at every turn." White or black the secret sin is a gnawing insect. By it the giant is robbed of his giantship. History teems with awful examples. Character crumbles, reputation shrivels, ambition totters, hope departs, the sanctuary is profaned. It is easy to moralize at Glasnevin!

Phoenix Park contains 1,752 acres. For this valuable information we may credit the guide books. One does not count the acres on his first visit, but he will be sufficiently impressed with the size of the Park if he takes the two mile ride from Castleknock Gate to the main entrance as it was my privilege to do. The Zoological Gardens are extensive and contain a splendid collection. The Wellington obelisk, 205 feet high, a monument in honor of the great Duke, reminded me that Wellington was Dublin born. The beautifully situated residence of the Lord Lieutenant reminded me of the fact that the honorable gentleman fortunate enough to occupy that position is a much better paid officer than the President of the United States. He receives a hundred thou-

sand dollars per annum, plus—I do not know just how large that plus may be but from what I have heard of houses, servants, equipages, entertainments, etc., the plus must be as much as the entire amount allowed to our President as remuneration for his distinguished services. Lord and Lady Aberdeen are both estimable persons, however, and as it was their prerogative to occupy the Viceregal Lodge at the time of my visit I was not disposed to envy them their good fortune. Nearly opposite the Lodge, my attention was called to an indentation in the roadway. It was shaped like the letter X and was apparently dug out with a blunt instrument or stick. It would have excited no comment whatsoever had it not been designated as the spot where a shocking tragedy was enacted on the sixth day of May 1882. On that day Lord Frederick Cavendish arrived in Dublin to begin his labors as the Chief Secretary of Ireland. He was walking with Under Secretary Burke when they were suddenly attacked and cruelly murdered. It was a fiendish crime, repudiated by Parnell and the Irish party in whose interests it was ostensibly committed. After these twenty-seven years it would seem as though that X

might be allowed to disappear. Its preservation will probably pass into the long list of peculiar traditions tenaciously maintained in the land of the shamrock. The ready imagination of the Celt may yet embellish the plain tale with weird and fantastic incidents, and the grandmother of the twenty-fifth century may recite to the gaping children the story of the two terrible giants, who seeking to enslave the country were miraculously cleft by a flaming sword let down from Heaven by an avenging angel; all of which may be clearly proven by the ineffaceable X in Phoenix Park. Perhaps it would be more consonant with the characteristics of Irish superstition to describe the Devil reaching up through the earth and dragging the offenders down to Hell. The Devil is such a familiar personage in Irish folk lore. With this version the X would become the scar resulting from the descent of Satan and his victims to the nether regions. Who could gainsay such evidence?

Trinity College, Dublin, was founded in 1591. Necessarily it has a history dignified and honorable after the fashion of academic institutions. I am not now concerned to recount the interesting features of that history, neither

to glow over the alluring list of famous alumni, nor yet to describe the grounds and buildings. Most vividly do I recall the visit to the Library of the college, and particularly two objects therein contained. Not that they are the most important of all the rare and wonderful things to be seen within the classic shades, but simply that they happened especially to arouse my curiosity. Let it be understood that Trinity College Library is great among the libraries of the world, possessing a magnificent collection of books and manuscripts—nearly 300,000 of the one and over 2000 of the other. It is over 300 years old. It has valuable Egyptian, Greek and Latin manuscripts. The objects to which I refer are the Book of Kells and the harp of Brian Boru. There is a question concerning the Boruan, (or should I say Brianian?) ownership of that harp, nevertheless it *looks* as though it *might* have been the property of the great king. That is as near authentication as some things ever get. It is not the kind of a harp we are accustomed to see—the huge golden instrument as large as the performer. If Brian ever played it he probably held it in his lap, and the music, however sweet, was of a very primitive order.

It represents concretely and pathetically the national music of a former dispensation, a melody that brought courage to the heart of the soldier, comfort to the court of the king. That was before the days of Handel, Beethoven, Bach, Mozart, and Wagner, but the sweet and simple strains of the harp strings meant more to the Ireland of the olden time than operas, oratorios, fugues and concertos mean to most of us. The quaint little instrument with richly carved and ornamented frame expressed what words could not express of the heart's hope, affection, pride; expressed in elegant phrases the genius of the race. Emblazoned on the flag of Erin it enkindles today the holiest passion of patriotism—a beautiful symbol of a noble memory. So the interest in Brian Boru's harp was largely sentimental. But as for the Book of Kells, it requires no pluming of the imagination, nor yet an artist's eye to value its beauty. There it is, "the most beautiful book in the world," a manuscript of the Four Gospels, dating from the eighth century. It is the work of scholars and artists surely, for its lettering and illuminations are such as to challenge comparison with any similar production in existence. There are

several towns called Kells in Ireland, but the Kells in County Meath, once the home of St. Columba, is assured of immortal fame by this exquisite memorial of Christian art already more than a thousand years old. Kells was widely celebrated at one time as an ecclesiastical and literary center, and this specimen of its advancement is an object of universal interest.

Dublin's intellectuality is not all confined to her great and honored University. In a few minutes after leaving the college entrance, I stood on Kildare Street looking through another entrance at a splendid group of buildings occupying three sides of a quadrangle. An imposing monument in honor of Queen Victoria and surmounted by her statue marks the center of the space. On my left was the National Library and on my right was the National Museum of Science and Art. These two buildings are less than twenty years old, while Leinster Hall, at the further side of the quadrangle, was built in 1745. It is now used by the Royal Dublin Society. Further back, one on each side of Leinster Lawn, are the Museum of Natural History and the National Gallery of Ireland. Here are gathered inval-

uable collections of books, antiquities, paintings, portraits, specimens, curios, etc., hardly excelled, if equalled, in any other city in Europe. In the National Museum I found myself tarrying before the case containing the shrine of St. Patrick's tooth. Strange that any man's tooth should be deemed worthy of enshrinement. This is the only one on record, probably. Its peculiar title to lasting honors arises from the fact that it was knocked from the mouth of the patron saint when he happened to fall, one unpropitious day, on the steps of his church at Armagh. His saintliness must have been of the toothsome variety, for the dislodged ivory was tenderly preserved and in later years deposited in an elaborately wrought metal box, now grown dull and disfigured, but retaining evidences abundant of its original beauty of design and costliness of material. Still older is the Shrine of St. Patrick's Bell, a revered example of Celtic metal work and ornamentation made for the bell once used by St. Patrick, and preserved for centuries at Armagh. The bell is also on exhibition, the oldest Christian curio of them all. Then there is the Cross of Cong, made of oak, copper, gold and jewels, and containing,

it is said, a portion of the Cross of Calvary. Of such interesting and suggestive character are the relics gathered at the Museum, and their name is legion.

The forty acre Guiness brewery is all the more conspicuous in Dublin because Dublin is not conspicuously an industrial city. It is without question the greatest concern of its kind in the world, perfect in equipment, vast in extent, frictionless in system, multitudinous in departments, representing millions in investment, generous in dividends. In general management, in the high character of its owners, in the philanthropies aided by its profits, in the dignity of its age and the quality of its product, it represents brewing at its best. Shortly after leaving the brewery I passed a dingy saloon at No. 12 Aungier Street. It occupied the ground floor of a three story brick building, set into the wall of which was a bust of Erin's sweetest singer, Thomas Moore. It was his birthplace, now befouled by the destroyer of genius. That night I saw drunken women upon the street, and men whose depleted attire and bloated faces marked the track of the demon. Out of the proceeds of the brewery and distillery, art

galleries are enriched, science is succored, cathedrals are built, yet the bones of its victims are piling higher in the abyss, and the blackness of despair engulfs the innocent and the helpless. Burke, Balfe, Sheridan and many others of world-wide reputation could be added to the list of those who have helped to make Dublin famous as the birthplace of genius. Yet the brewery is no friend to brains.

To the Hill of Howth, northern sentinel of the Dublin Bay, I would offer the tribute of grateful memory. On a fair midsummer afternoon I boarded a tram at the Nelson Pillar and committed myself to its urban and suburban windings for a nine mile ride to the terminus. The tracks run close to the edge of the Bay for almost the whole distance, affording a most enjoyable view of the great waterway approach to the capital with the protecting walls and lights of the harbor. The tide was out, and the hard clay of the bottom thus left bare a few hours, was being utilized as a bicycle track by spry young people returning from their labors in the city. It required but the passing of a few wheels over the bed of clay to mark out an ideal course, smooth, hard and dry, and there were many ready to take advan-

tage of it. Having passed along Talbot Street and North Strand and across Annesley Bridge, and following the curve of the shore line, the car made good progress toward Howth, passing many pretty suburban homes and several towns, the name of one of which is writ large in the annals of Ireland. Clontarf! There is energy in that word. It is thunderous with the crashing of the battle axe and spear. You who have forgotten the story of the Battle of Clontarf will find excitement in the rereading of the important chronicle. "The glorious day of Clontarf" they call it, these writers of things stranger than fiction. If the shedding of blood and the conquest of enemies at high cost can make glorious the day of enactment, then that Good Friday of the year 1014 should be chiseled high up on the granite of fame. Brian Boru, King of all Ireland, white and long of hair and beard, scarred with many scars, sword in one hand, crucifix in other, enthused his 20,000 followers with his passionate appeal for "Faith and Fatherland." Against the pagan Danes they fought with a frenzy of religious and patriotic zeal. And on that day ended the Danish power in Ireland.

Every chieftain remembered, no doubt, the call of their venerable leader:—

"Men of Erin! Men of Erin! grasp the
battle-axe and spear,
Chase these Northern wolves before you like
a herd of frightened deer!
Burst their ranks, like bolts from heaven!
Down on the heathen crew,
For the glory of the Crucified, and Erin's
glory too."

I tried to fancy the long line of Norse galleys reaching almost to Howth from the mouth of the Liffey, commanded by Admiral Brodar. The fleet had entered the Bay on Palm Sunday. When the line of battle was formed its centre was at Clontarf. I tried to picture in my mind the embattled host holding the shore from Dublin to Dollymount. Men they must have been of warlike mein, thick bearded, flaxen haired, sinewy frames, lumpy muscles, with the spirit of conquest in their hearts,—mail-clad Norwegians, Baltic auxiliaries, British allies. Over against them, northward, were the divisions of the Irish army representing many counties and corners of the country, all panting for the conflict. It began early in the day and was a hand-to-hand

combat wherein a soldier rushed at his enemy and glared his hatred full to his face as he swung the axe or drave the spear. I tried to fancy it all, I say, but could not. It seemed so utterly incomprehensible, so absolutely impossible, so severely incongruous. All that I could see evidenced peace, industry, enterprise, enjoyment, life,—a tranquil bay rimmed with quiet beauty, zephyr-stroked and sun-kissed.

Arrived at Howth, I walked out upon the great pier 2700 feet long, having a lighthouse at the end, the keeper of which allowed me to scan the sea with his powerful glass. About a mile toward the north rose the rocky island known as "Ireland's Eye," whereon could be descried the ruins of an ancient chapel. In the opposite direction the hill rose high behind the town, the historic old Hill of Howth, culminating in Slieve Martin, 560 feet above the sea. There are many holy hills outside of Palestine. In all countries and in every life's experience there are Zions and Carmels and Tabors and Hermons. To me Howth became the Mount of Transfiguration, whereon I witnessed a vision, the glory of which shines even upon the page as I write. Tufted with fern

and fir and heather, haloed by the soft twilight and caressed by the gentlest of breezes, the stern old promontory exuding the memories of millenniums was verily an inspired prophet, making revelation of things that were, of things that are, and are yet to be. Before me lay the smooth, curving sea, like a crystal bridge arching toward the happy island yonder. To the left stretched the long, irregular line of the Irish coast, with Ireland's Eye blinking in the deepening shadows, and the amethystine sea horizoned by the turquoise sky in the distance. Turning toward the right I caught the sweep of the Dublin Bay with the Wicklow Mountains rolling back southward to meet the pink tinted clouds gathering for their vesper devotions. A long black smoke streak marked the course of a steamer just entering the Bay, and the harbor lights were beginning to appear for their night watches. The sun had some time since dropped behind the fringing hills, but was sending back such brilliant beams of light that the hovering clouds looked like angel bands in festal robes. Never, even in the most gorgeous Oriental silks, have such colors been woven into textures made by hands. Edges of purest gold

were there, framing clouds of brown, gray, purple and blue, all suffused with the most delicate and elusive pink,—a transparent veil of glory thrown over glory's face. I expected that in less than forty hours I would be sailing in the direction of that declining sun, toward the happy land which would catch its healing light for hours after the valleys of old Ireland were hidden in the night. I was all the more impressionable, no doubt, on account of that expectation. The peace of God was upon the summit, and everywhere, and old Erin seemed afloat upon a sea of pearl lifted free from the billows of adversity to return to the depths no more forever.

XXI. COMPLETING THE CIRCLE.

On the following day my route lay through County Wicklow, the "Garden of Ireland," past the famous seaside resorts, Bray and Greystones, Wicklow and its fine harbor, and on along the Avonmore River, through the Vale of Ovoca where meet the waters famed in the verses of Moore:—

"There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart."

—which same 'twould be a sin to omit from any sensible book on Ireland.

No one would deny the beauty of the Meeting Place of the Waters, and there are two such places of either one of which Moore may have written,—one where the Avonmore joins the Avonberg and the other at Wooden Bridge where the Aughrim and the Gold Mines meet the Ovoca. I caught a glimpse of the rippling

waters as they join company at Wooden Bridge. It is a rich and lovely scene but not more so, I think, than a thousand places unsung. The poet is a wand waver. His lovers will look through the amber colored glasses of their affection and behold in the scene exalted by their singer a celestial charm otherwise unobserved. Yet I would that such beatific visions were more rather than less numerous, and that every prospect might find its poet.

Turning for the moment from the consideration of nature's garden array, I recall that the man who shared my compartment and who pointed out the reputed meeting place of the waters, declared himself to be an advocate of the Sinn Fein movement, in which subject I at once became interested and started the interrogative machinery at full pressure. He was a well dressed man of perhaps forty-five years of age, coal black hair and moustache, expressive eyes and pleasing voice. He was taking his daughters, two beautiful little girls hardly in their teens, for a visit to grandma's at Wexford. Dear grandma, I opine, was joyously anticipating their arrival, for better behaved little ladies never went on a vacation. To understand the spirit and scope of various

present day parties and movements in Ireland is not the simplest task in the world, but it is essential to anything that approaches a fair interpretation of Irish thought and aspiration. How many of us in America, for instance, could on the moment make clear the distinction between the policies of the Sinn Fein and those of the Parliamentarians and the Unionists, or state the principles of the Gaelic League? Mr. Redmond, Mr. O'Connor, and all the other Irish M. P.'s are technically traitors according to the doctrines of the Sinn Feiners. By the same token every man in the country who voted to send them to Parliament must be traitors. For why? There is no lawful Union. Parliament legislates for Ireland only by illegal usurpation and is not to be recognized therefore by any true citizen of the sovereign State of Ireland. This is the way the Constitution begins:—

"The object of the National Council is the re-establishment of the Independence of Ireland. The aim of the Sinn Fein Policy is to unite Ireland on this broad National platform—First, That we are a distinct nation; Second, That we will not make any voluntary agreement with Great Britain, until Great

Britain keeps her own compact which she made by the Renunciation Act of 1783, which enacted 'that the right claimed by the people of Ireland to be bound only by laws enacted by his Majesty and the Parliament of that Kingdom is hereby declared to be established, and ascertained forever, and shall at no time hereafter be questioned or questionable.' Third, That we are determined to make use of any powers we have, or may have at any time in the future to work for our own advancement and for the creation of a prosperous virile and independent nation.''

''That the people of Ireland are a free people and that no law made without their authority or consent is or ever can be binding on their conscience.''

Among other things the Sinn Fein Constitution provides for the protection of Irish industries and commerce, an Irish Consular Service, an Irish Mercantile Marine, a National Bank, a National Stock Exchange, a National Civil Service. Branches of the organization are established in England, Scotland and America, as well as in twenty-five of the thirty-two counties of Ireland.

The work of the Gaelic League is educa-

tional and industrial rather than political. It is non-sectarian also, and all the more to be praised on that account. It stands first for the revival and preservation of the Irish language. I doubt not, however, that in the wider sweep of its growing energies it will touch the circle of the Irish problem at many points. Over 900 branches are now affiliated with the Executive Council, the required minimum membership of a branch being fifteen. The League is but sixteen years old. Dr. Douglas Hyde is its honored president.

The longer I talked with my quasi instructor the more I realized that the causes of Ireland's unrest are many, acting and reacting upon each other,—a tangle of causes not to be stated in a sentence and not to be understood in a day. Mad. jerking does not unsnarl a tangle. Slowly the fingers of wisdom, justice, statesmanship and patriotism are loosening the knots, and Ireland is being prepared for a visitation of prosperity such as may atone in part for past adversities.

A few hours at Waterford afforded opportunity for some hasty observations of the streets, buildings and people of that famous old town. Reginald, the Dane, built a tower

in 1003, which still stands on the Mall, an object of pride to the city and of profound interest to the visitor. When first an English king essayed to set the royal foot upon Irish soil, he sailed up the River Suir for some fifteen miles from the harbor's mouth, and stepped ashore at Waterford. To chronicle all the tragic events in the history of Waterford from the days of King Henry would require a patient pen and many pages. Far more gracious is the privilege of calling to mind the incidents of an afternoon's leisurely stroll in and about the city.

The railway station is hard by the north end of the long wooden bridge leading to the main portion of the city on the opposite side of the river. The bridge is over 800 feet long and was built by an American architect more than a hundred years ago. It was evidently a good job, well done and at a final cost considerably less than the estimate. How such a thing could ever have happened is probably a puzzle to bridge builders the world around. Verily all things are possible to an American. The view from the bridge held me for some time in rapt enjoyment. The slate-gray river swept

in a strong current beneath the bridge and on towards its confluence with the Barrow. Ships there were in plenty to take care of Waterford's large export trade. There was the great quay and behind it tier after tier of stone houses as the city rose toward the crest of the hill. A most inspiring perspective of river and mountain lay toward the southwest. Some prize cattle were being led across the bridge, proud, seemingly, of the honors won at the animal fair then in progress. Bulls, cows, sheep, pigs and horses, beautifully proportioned and carefully groomed they were, sure prize winners anywhere. Workmen were busy repairing the planking. Loiterers gazed idly into the river or sat lazily sunning themselves upon the wooden benches that line the promenade. Old men predominated. Down along the quay could be seen the rounded walls of Reginald's Tower, and out against the background of the hill, as in bold bas-relief, stood slanting roofs and tapering steeples. Such was my first glimpse of Waterford as it left its outline upon my memory.

Later I indulged myself in a long walk out over the hill beyond the town, in the course of which I made the acquaintance of one of the

belles of Waterford—a very little belle to be sure, but all the more interesting and none the less a belle on that account. She was stylishly gowned (fashions change) in a pink calico dress. She had golden hair, uneducated, and the kind of blue eyes the singers sing about. She was somewhat crippled and wore neither shoes nor stockings. I have said she was small. I saw her trudging along ahead of me up through the long hillside street, lugging a basket of potatoes so heavy that she could hardly lift it from the sidewalk. When I overtook her I ventured to offer help, which she accepted by simply letting go of the basket. I picked it up and she limped along by my side, evidently grateful for the assistance but too bashful to say a word. I supposed it would be a matter of a block or so, but it proved to be a mile or more, I carrying the "praties" and she just "taggin' on." We passed many citizens who eyed me askance but offered no word of comment. After a while I began to wonder if I would have to adopt the child, nobody seeming to own her, and calculated on the basket as an asset in the account. Distances between houses grew wider and wider and the street became a road before the little

pink lady indicated our arrival somewhere, which she did by grabbing the basket and disappearing through a gateway in a white-washed wall, over which I could just see the upper half of a neat little cottage. I had lost both girl and potatoes and was conscious of vague regret, for I had begun to enjoy the silent companionship of the unfortunate child. Many children find life an up hill climb, and blessed are ye if ye lighten the load and brighten the way for such a one. The little girl cripple in the pink slip dress has become to me a symbol of earth's trudge and drudge, awaiting on every hillside the hand of help.

At a rather late hour that night I arrived again at Queenstown, to sail the next morning for the homeland. So the ends of the journey came together, and I had completed a loop "Around the Emerald Isle."